

No 398

MAY 16TH 1913

5 Cents.

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

BILL'S BOND SYNDICATE OR

A FORTUNE FROM A TWO CENT STAMP

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



In spite of the chauffeur's best efforts, the car rolled over the prostrate boy and then stopped. A score of eye-witnesses rushed forward, expecting to find the boy crushed to death. But he wasn't. He crawled out unhurt.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1913, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d Street, New York. Entered at the New York, N. Y., Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

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NEW YORK, MAY 16, 1913.

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BILL'S BOND SYNDICATE

—OR—

A FORTUNE FROM A TWO-CENT STAMP

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

WHICH INTRODUCES BILL AND OTHERS.

"That Iron Mountain deal is one on the boss," said Bill Bunce, junior clerk in the counting-room of George Jessup, stock broker, No. — Wall street.

"How do you make that out, Bill? It wasn't his fault that the market slipped a cog before he could realize on his stock," said the second book-keeper, whose name was Jack Carter.

"How do I make anything out? By keeping my brains at work, of course. What is the use of having brains if you don't use them intelligently?" replied Bill.

"Do you mean to say that because Mr. Jessup got caught in Iron Mountain that he didn't use his brains intelligently?" said Carter.

"I do. If he had he wouldn't have got stuck. Any fool would have known better than to have gone long in Iron Mountain under the conditions it was boomed."

"You seem to know a whole lot about it."

"I know that much."

At that moment Simon Cobb, the red-headed margin clerk, who was no friend of Bill's, and had been listening to his criticism of the broker, stepped up and said:

"Why don't you suggest to Mr. Jessup that if he'd raise your salary you'd be willing to act in an advisory capacity to him?"

"Why don't you attend to your own business, Simon Cobb? You were not asked to put in your oar," retorted Bill, tartly.

"You needn't get mad over it. It was only one of my jokes," said Simon, in a whining tone that was characteristic of him.

"One of your jokes? You haven't humor enough in your whole body to get off a respectable joke. What were you listening for, anyway? My remarks were only intended for Carter's ears, not for yours."

"I couldn't help hearing what you said," said Cobb, deprecatingly. "You spoke rather loud."

"There's mighty little said in the office that escapes those tavern signs of yours."

"You're always making cracks at my ears," said Cobb, flashing an unpleasant look at the junior clerk. "What's the matter with them?"

"They take up too much room when you move around. Why don't you pin them to your head?"

"I s'pose you think that's funny?"

"If you don't like that suggestion I'll offer you another, and I won't charge you anything for the pointer. If I had your ears I'd rent the backs of them out for advertising purposes. They'd bring in a nice little income."

"You always take pleasure in insulting me," hissed Cobb. "I couldn't insult you."

"I haven't forgotten that you called me bricktop a number of times. Red hair is a sign of smartness."

"Really? Is it hair-red-itary in your family?" chuckled Bill. Cobb did not appear to see the witticism.

He was not a very wide-awake youth.

"You want to know if it runs in our family? I ought not to satisfy your curiosity after your remarks about my ears. The Bible says we should be charitable to those who villify us, and speak all manner of evil against us, so I will say that my father had hair the same shade as mine."

"You're always quoting the Bible. Does it tell you to go sneaking around to hear what other persons are talking about?"

"I never sneak around. I attend strictly to my business."

"Why aren't you attending to it now instead of butting in on Carter and me?"

"If you don't care for my society I'll go back to my desk."

"Do so, and you'll oblige us greatly."

Simon threw a look of resentment at him and returned to his work.

"You made a mistake talking so frankly about the boss in Cobb's hearing," said Carter, in a low tone to Bill. "You ought to know that nothing gives him so much pleasure as to get people in trouble. It's dollars to doughnuts he'll tell Mr. Jessup what you said about him at the first chance, and then you are likely to get a call-down."

"If Cobb repeats my remarks to the boss I'll punch his head," said Bill, with an aggressive look.

"That would only make matters worse. He has a pull with the old man, and if you attacked him under the circumstances you'd be brought to book for it."

"Oh, I don't know. If the boss stood up for such a chap as him it wouldn't increase my respect for him."

"What do you want to speak so loudly for? He heard you say that."

"I intended that he should. Listeners never hear any good of themselves."

"You're pretty independent, Bill, which is well enough in its way, but a fellow can be too independent sometimes for his own good. I don't want to see you get in trouble, old man, so I advise you to be more cautious in expressing your opinions when Cobb is around."

"Oh, hang Cobb! I hate the sneak! He's a regular hypocrite. Always quoting the Bible and pretending to be a Christian. I've sized him up and I know he's only trying to make capital out of religion."

"He's a member of Mr. Jessup's church and belongs to the pastor's Bible class. That probably accounts for the standing he has with the boss."

"It's a wonder Mr. Jessup don't see through him when everybody else in the office can. Miss Watson says she can't bear the fellow. He's soft as mush to her, and it makes her sick."

The cashier, who had been in the private-room with the broker, now came out, and the two clerks separated, Bill returning to his desk and getting busy over his work.

Bill Bunce was admittedly the smartest clerk in the office.

He was a swift and accurate worker, and performed his duties, while some of the others, notably Simon Cobb, were fiddling over theirs.

Whatever time he lost talking with Carter he made up inside of the next twenty minutes, so the boss lost nothing by his brief loaf.

Bill was particularly strong on the subject of all kinds of gilt-edge bonds.

He was thoroughly in touch with the market price of these securities.

The clerk who had charge of the bond business carried on by Jessup frequently consulted him to save time, having found by experience that Bill's information could always be relied upon.

He also kept next to the market price of stocks, though that was a secondary consideration with him, for bonds were his hobby.

He had made financial subjects a study ever since he began his career in Wall Street as office boy for Mr. Jessup, three years since, after leaving school.

The first thing he did when he bought his morning or his evening paper was to turn to the financial column—this had become a habit with him.

After he had studied the latest bond and stock reports, had noted the changes in the quotations, and had the financial situation at his fingers' ends he turned to the general news of the day.

The only occasions on which he deviated from this custom was when some unusual sensation cropped up, and was set forth under a glaring scare heading on the first page.

In such cases he ran over the startling intelligence as swiftly as an expert newspaper man, taking in all that was important, and gliding over the minor details, which he read later, then he hurried to his financial page, and until he had mastered it had thoughts for nothing else.

While acting as messenger for the office, Bill had made quite a bunch of money speculating on the side in one stock or another.

Sometimes he was favored with tips that he picked up on occasions, for he was so sharp that nothing got away from him; but mostly he relied on his judgment.

There was a lot of guesswork in his deals, but this was always backed up by his knowledge of the situation which he was constantly accumulating from the daily papers and the financial journals.

Most of his friends confined their reading to the news of the day and light fiction, for financial matters did not greatly interest them.

What they knew about the stock market and the price of bonds was what they picked up on the fly.

They did not deal in bonds, and not a whole lot in stocks.

Whatever their inclinations might be toward the latter, they had little opportunity and less money to get in on speculative deals.

Bill made his opportunities without interfering with his duties, and the opportunities panned him out a nice little capital in the course of time.

The secret of his growing independence was full confidence in his own powers and the cash he had acquired.

Jessup put him into the counting-room as soon as an opening offered, moving Simon Cobb, who had formerly been his office boy, up a peg.

As far as smartness was concerned, Bill was head and shoulders above Cobb, and Jessup was not ignorant of his superior attainments, but he leaned more toward Simon because that youth went to church with unfailing regularity, and stood high in the pastor's estimation as a most exemplary young Christian.

Bill, however, could read human nature like a book.

He was a natural physiognomist without knowing it.

It afforded him considerable recreation when seated in a public conveyance, with nothing else to engage his attention, to study the faces and forms of his fellow passengers, male and female.

It didn't take him many minutes to sum up a person's character from his or her countenance.

He was wont to say that every human being bore a more or less pronounced likeness, in face and form, to some animal,

and possessed the characteristics of the animal to a certain extent.

He told Carter that Simon Cobb was a combination of a cur-dog and some kind of a snake which he could not place.

He had some idea that mankind had developed from the animal and viper kingdom, and had lately taken to reading books treating on the subject.

His conception of Cobb was that he was a natural born hypocrite, whose professed Christianity was a sham; who would take a blow without outwardly resenting it, but would try to get back at the giver in the dark.

He had already proved himself a sneak and a coward, and would have been a bully under favorable conditions.

Bill lived in Flatbush with his parents and two sisters, one older and one younger than himself.

What they didn't think of him as a smart boy and a budding financier is hardly worth considering.

And he was deserving of their high opinion, even though they were naturally prejudiced in his favor.

CHAPTER II.

BILL'S SERVICES ARE DISPENSED WITH.

Bill always went to lunch at half-past twelve unless he had something particular on hand to finish up, and he got back at one.

Simon Cobb went to his lunch about the same time.

On this occasion he was still working at his desk when Bill left the office.

He was still very busy, apparently, when Carter went out fifteen minutes later.

Then he threw down his pen and went into the private-room.

He was in there ten minutes, and when he came out he went to lunch.

At half-past three that afternoon the office boy came to Bill's desk and told him that Mr. Jessup wanted to see him.

He went in to see what the boss wanted.

"Look here, Bruce, I understand that you have been criticizing me in a disrespectful manner," said the broker, in a severe tone.

"Who told you that?" said Bill, who easily guessed the identity of the tale-bearer.

"No matter. I was told that you used the following words, and Mr. Jessup picked up a piece of paper and looked at it: 'Any fool would have known better than to have gone into Iron Mountain under the conditions it was boomed.' Also, you remarked that I didn't use my brains intelligently or I wouldn't have got stuck. Do you deny that you made use of those expressions in reference to me?"

"No, sir; I never deny what is true. The remarks, however, were spoken privately to Carter, and were not intended for promiscuous circulation. Simon Cobb heard them, I know, and, of course, he is the sneak who carried them to you in order to make trouble for me. But that's the kind of fellow he is."

"Stop, sir, you have no business to attack your fellow clerk. He reported the matter to me as he believed it was his duty to do; but with a charity towards you that does him credit, he begged me to judge you as lightly as possible."

Bill's lip curled with scorn.

"His consideration for me is truly touching," he said, sarcastically. "He brings you a full account of what I said in the counting-room, and then he asks you to let me off. That's like handing a person a rousing kick and then begging his pardon for the act."

"I am surprised you should show such sentiments toward such a Christian lad as Simon. I wish you were more like him."

"I don't. If I thought I were like him I'd go down to the Battery and jump off."

"How dare you speak that way," cried the broker, angrily.

"Because I hate hypocrisy in a person. There's as much real Christianity about that cuspidor as there is about Simon Cobb. He seems to have no trouble in fooling you, but he can't fool me worth a cent."

"Your words are insulting. I am surprised that you have the assurance to address me in such a way. This, on top of your previous remarks, which you admit, convinces me that the office will get along better without you. You will, therefore, hand in your resignation to me, and quit on Saturday. That is all. You can go."

"Very well, sir," replied Bill, turning around and walking out.

He stopped at Carter's desk.

"Cobb carried my remarks about the boss to him, and I've just had a run-in with him. I told him one or two things about the sneak which didn't improve the matter. He told me my words were insulting, and requested me to send in my resignation and quit on Saturday," said Bill.

"Do you mean to say that you're really bounced?" said Carter.

"That's what it amounts to."

"And all through Cobb?"

"There is no doubt that he made the trouble. I shall have something to say to him on the subject at five o'clock."

Bill fully intended to read the riot act to Cobb after the office closed for the day, but he didn't get the chance, for Simon, suspecting what he was up against, got permission from Mr. Jessup, before that gentleman left, to go off fifteen minutes early in order to attend a special meeting of a committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Cobb never had any trouble in working an excuse of that kind on his boss, but it is a question whether his excuses were genuine.

Mr. Jessup, however, admired the apparent zeal that Cobb displayed toward Christian matters, and thought the more highly of him in consequence.

So Bill was disappointed in not having it out with Cobb that afternoon, but he guessed it would keep.

He told Miss Watson, the stenographer, with whom he was a great favorite, that Mr. Jessup had requested him to hand in his resignation, owing to what Cobb had reported to him.

The young lady expressed regret at the news, but told him he had acted foolishly in giving utterance to any sentiments reflecting on Mr. Jessup, particularly in the hearing of Cobb, who, she agreed, was no ornament to the office.

"I'm sorry to have you go," she said, "but you ought to have no trouble in placing yourself in another office."

"I'm not sure I shall look for another position," said Bill.

"No?" she ejaculated in surprise.

"I think I can do better."

"In what way?"

"Working for myself. I have some capital, and I fancy I can make it grow by devoting the whole of my time and my energies to it."

"Then you have an idea of going into some business?"

"Yes, right here in Wall Street. It is the greatest place to make money in America if you know the ropes and can work them right."

"Are you thinking of starting out as a broker and working up?"

"No, I have other views. I haven't money enough to go into the brokerage business. There are more ways than one of making money in Wall Street."

Miss Watson did not press the question further, and after some further talk they separated outside the building.

Next morning Bill wrote out his resignation and sent it in to Mr. Jessup by the office boy, and on Saturday he told the cashier that he wasn't coming back on Monday.

"Why not?" asked that gentleman.

"Because Mr. Jessup thinks he can get on without me. I thought he had told you," said Bill.

"No, he said nothing to me about your going away. What was the trouble?"

"I created it by expressing my views about the Iron Mountain deal the boss went into and came out at the short end of the horn. Simon Cobb heard what I said and took all the trouble of telling Mr. Jessup—a truly Christian act for a chap who is so close to the church and is always quoting the Bible. That reminds me, I haven't settled with him yet. Good-by, Mr. Brown."

"I'm sorry to see you go, Bunce," said the cashier. "You're a smart fellow, and, in my opinion, the office needs you."

"Oh, I guess Mr. Jessup won't go into bankruptcy because I'm not on the job," said Bill, laughingly, as he turned away.

Carter followed him out, and they were standing in the corridor near the elevator when Cobb came along.

"I hope you are feeling happy now, Cobb," said Bill.

"I am enjoying my customary good spirits," replied Simon, with a sickly grin.

"Mr. Jessup told me that you reported to him what you heard me say to Carter the other morning about the Iron Mountain deal."

"I am sorry, but my duty to Mr. Jessup compelled me to bring the matter up," said Cobb, meekly. "I told him I hoped he would not be hard on you."

"So he remarked at the interview I had with him on the subject. He seems to think a lot of you. He said he wished I were more like you."

Cobb grinned.

"I told him if I thought I bore any resemblance to you I'd go down to the Battery and jump off into the bay."

Cobb stopped grinning and favored Bill with a nasty look.

"Always insulting me," he gritted.

A cage came along at that moment, and Cobb stepped toward it to go down.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Bill, seizing him by the collar and pulling him back. "He doesn't want to go down yet," added Bill to the elevator man, who thereupon closed the gate and started the cage.

"What are you trying to do?" snarled Cobb.

"Just amusing myself, that's all. Are you going to apologize for doing the sneak act and getting me in trouble?" asked Bill.

"I'll do it after you apologize to me for all the insults you have handed me."

"I never apologize for truthful remarks. Everything I've said to you, and about you, is the truth. You're a sneak and a hypocrite. A sneak because you carry tales and do so many underhanded tricks that a decent chap would be ashamed to be guilty of. A hypocrite because you pretend to be a good Christian when you're not, and have no real intentions in that direction. You're working the church business with a selfish motive—to feather your own nest. Now that you've heard what I think about you, you can go. I don't imagine it will have any effect on you, but it's a satisfaction to me to speak my mind to you. One of these days you'll be shown up in your true colors, and it would afford me unlimited enjoyment to be present on the occasion, but I expect no such luck."

"Think you're smart, don't you?" sneered Cobb, as another cage came down and he signaled it to stop. "The boss told me he had given you the bounce for insulting him. I'm glad to hear it. It is the best news I've heard in a month. You'll have a nice time getting another position without reference. I wish you luck."

With that parting shot Cobb sprang into the elevator and was whisked out of sight.

Bill laughed, and he and Carter took the next elevator down.

When Bill got home that afternoon he said nothing to his mother about his discharge from the office.

He knew it would upset her, and he would have to enter into a full explanation to account for the trouble he had got into with his late employer.

He handed her the amount usually turned in on Saturday, and then went over to the home of his particular friend, Dick Sanderson, to see if he was about.

Dick held a position in one of the departments of the Borough of Brooklyn, and he generally reached his house some time before Bill got home.

He found Dick waiting for him to show up.

"Well, old man, where shall we go this afternoon?" said Dick.

"Any place you say," replied Bill.

"I'll leave it to you," said Dick.

"I haven't anything on the hooks."

At that moment a touring car came gliding down the street. It had but one occupant—a boy of about their age.

His name was Bob Ridley, and he was a friend of Bill and Dick's.

"Hey, fellows, want to take a ride?" asked Bob, bringing the car to a stop near them.

"Surest thing you know, if Bill will go," said Dick.

"I'm on," said Bill. "Glad you turned up, Bob, for we were just figuring how we should spend the afternoon."

"Pile in," said Bob.

"Where did you pick up the car?" asked Dick, as they started off.

"Oh, this belongs to my boss. I'm bound on an errand to one of his customers who lives in Jamaica."

"That's some distance," said Bill.

"Yes, if you had to walk it, but this car will take us there in express time."

"How fast will she go?" asked Dick.

"A whole lot faster than the speed limit. It's a high-power machine. The boss says it is geared up to thirty-five miles an hour."

"When you hit the road let her out and let us see if she'll make good."

"And get pulled in by some hayseed constable, if he happened along."

"Not one chance in a hundred of our meeting one," said Dick.

"How do you know that? I've heard that the jay cops are pretty wide awake when a car is stretching the speed limit."

"Oh, if we were held up we could say that we didn't know we were running too fast," said Dick.

"That wouldn't go down with those chaps. They'd take me before the justice and I'd be fined \$10 at least, and be held with the machine till the boss was communicated with and the fine paid. That's the way the village authorities pad the treasury."

"Well, you're running the machine. We don't care what speed you run her at," said Dick.

They had hit the road by this time, and Bob let her out as much as he dared.

"This is going some," said Dick.

"There's no one in sight. Let her out another notch," said Bill.

Bob did so, and they were soon going at a gait of thirty miles an hour.

As they were approaching a turn, Bob shut off power till he could see what, if anything, was ahead.

Swinging around the curve, they perceived a large, heavily loaded farm wagon in their path going slowly along in the same direction as themselves.

Coming toward them on the other side were two autos, one behind the other.

It was fortunate Bob shut off the power, and he was now obliged to put on the brake, for otherwise he could not have avoided a collision with the wagon, for he could not have passed around it owing to the position of the other cars.

When the other autos passed on, Bob got in front of the wagon, and after that they kept to about twenty miles an hour, and in due time reached Jamaica.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE VILLAGE LOCK-UP.

Bob transacted his business, and then they started back for Flatbush by another road.

Opening up a clear stretch of road where there were no vehicles in sight, Dick and Bill persuaded Bob to give them a specimen of the car's speed.

Bob agreed to do it for a short distance, and he got the car down to business.

Suddenly a man jumped out of the hedge and made a signal.

The boys didn't see him, as he appeared after the machine had flashed past.

Just as Bob shut off, having run as far at top speed as he dared to risk, a man was seen ahead on a motor bicycle, running in the same direction they were.

They overhauled him pretty fast, and when they came nearly abreast of him he shouted to them to stop, showing his star.

"Gee! That's a cop," said Dick. "How fast are we going, Bob?"

"I've shut off power, but we're going at a pretty hot clip, more than the speed limit, I guess."

"Then we stand a chance of being pulled in," said Bill.

The man on the motor, who was dressed in plain clothes, kept pace with them till they stopped.

"You're under arrest," he said.

"I am?" returned Bob.

"All of you. You have been traveling way beyond the speed limit."

"Only for a short distance," replied Bob. "We were just trying out the car."

"You were running nearly forty miles an hour, and the limit on this road is sixteen."

"Sixteen!" cried Bob. "For funerals, you mean?"

"This will be your funeral, I guess," said the country officer. "Go ahead now, slow. Don't try any game with me, for I've got a gun, and this 'cycle of mine will run as fast as you can go."

"What's the use of being hard on us. We're only boys, and I don't own the car. It belongs to my boss in Brooklyn," said Bob.

"You've got to go before the justice. You can hand him your excuse."

Under the convoy of the country cop they entered a small village and were taken to the law office of the justice of the peace, who was the most important personage in the place.

The boys were arraigned before him, and the officer made his charge, expaining how he had timed the auto, and found it was running at a speed of over thirty-five miles an hour.

The justice frowned ominously.

The community thereabouts had been terrorized lately by several parties of "joy riders" who had escaped arrest, and it was determined to stop the practice on that road.

Bob's explanation was not regarded with favor, and the

justice levied a fine of twenty-five dollars on him, and assessed Dick and Bill ten dollars each.

"We haven't any funds to pay such fines," protested Bob.

"Lock them up and hold the car," said the justice to the constable.

"Oh, I say, you're laying it on pretty thick," said Bob.

"I'll double your fine if you say another word," roared the justice.

Bob was mad as a hornet, but he deemed it prudent to make no more remarks, for he knew the magistrate of the village had the power to make matters exceedingly hot for him and his companions.

The constable led them up a side street to the lock-up, a primitive kind of jail, which stood close to his house.

It was built of wood, had a small office on the ground floor, and three cells behind it.

The cells were small and dirty, each having a barred window, and a stout wooden door, with a small barred opening in it.

Overhead was a loft.

At the time of their arrival the place had no occupants, nor had there been a prisoner there for some time.

The constable took their names down in a book, with their addresses, together with the name and address of Bob's employer, from whom the justice expected to collect the \$25 fine.

The boys were then locked up in separate cells and the constable went away to fetch the auto.

He backed into an open shed on his premises and left it.

The boys, being unable to communicate with one another, were in no cheerful frame of mind over the situation they found themselves in.

The only furniture in their cells was a cot with a couple of cheap blankets and a pillow, none of which smelt very sweet.

Bill sat on his, and wondered how long they would be kept prisoners.

He knew their fathers would come after them and pay the fines as soon as they learned of the predicament their sons were in, but this would take time.

After a while Bill pulled his cot over under the window, stood on it and was able to look out through it.

It commanded the rear prospect of the jail, overlooking a large vacant lot with a tree-lined street beyond, where there were several houses, with others further on.

The sun was setting in the distance, and its last rays shone full on the back of the jail and on Bill's face.

"This is a nice situation for three respectable young chaps to be in," he thought. "We couldn't be worse off, in a way, if we had been caught in the commission of a real crime, and brought here to face the music. These country magistrates seem to have little consideration for any one that is brought before them. Exceeding the speed law isn't such a terrible offence that I can see. A fellow oughtn't to be locked up like a common criminal for it. I think it's a shame."

Bill laid hold of one of the bars to steady himself, for the cot threatened to turn over under his weight.

He found the bar very loose, both at the bottom and top.

He tried the second bar and found that one even looser.

"I believe it wouldn't be much of a job to get these bars out," he thought. "They've either been loosened through time and poor cement, or some prisoner who was in here had worked on them with the view of making his escape, and was unable to finish the job. I'd like to break out of this place just to get the better of these jay constables. But if I did it would only benefit me. Dick and Bob would have to stay here. Still if I got away I could hasten their rescue by notifying their fathers, who would come after them, settle the fines and take them away."

Bill got out his stout pocket knife and commenced operations on the lower part of one of the bars.

The work proved so easy that in fifteen minutes he was able to pull the bar out.

He replaced it, for it was too early to attempt to escape by the window.

He would surely be seen and recaptured.

By the time he had removed and replaced the second bar it was dark.

As he descended from the cot he heard sounds outside in the corridor.

He hastily replaced the cot in its original position and lay down on it.

The door was unlocked and a deputy constable appeared bearing a lamp.

"The constable has sent supper in to you lads," said the officer. "You can go out in the office and eat it."

Leaving the door open the deputy unlocked the other two cells and gave a similar invitation to Dick and Bob.

In less than five minutes the three young prisoners were in the head constable's office, where a large tray filled with dishes containing food stood on the desk.

The deputy placed the lamp on the top of the desk, while a second deputy remained with his back against the street door.

"Sorry we can't accommodate all of you with chairs, young fellows, but we haven't but two. One of you will have to stand, and use the desk as a table."

Motioning Dick and Bob to take the chairs, the deputy handed each of them a knife and fork, and a plate containing a piece of steak and a boiled potato, with a couple of slices of buttered bread.

The three cups of tea, and three saucers of rice pudding, remained on the tray for the present.

Bill took possession of the table.

"Don't you think this is an outrage to treat three respectable young fellows like common criminals?" said Bill, as he started to eat.

"You oughtn't to have broken the speed law," returned the deputy constable.

"We only broke it for the distance of a mile over a deserted straight road. We were simply experimenting with the car, to see how much speed it was capable of."

"Did you explain that to the justice?"

"Yes, but the explanation didn't do us any good. He's a grouchy old man, and he handled us without gloves, just as if we were highwaymen, or something of that kind."

"Well, I'll tell you. We've lately been having a lot of trouble with people driving their cars at top speed over that part of the road, and the village authorities have determined to put a stop to it. As you are the first offenders to be caught, you have to suffer as an example."

"The justice soaked us pretty hard, considering we're only boys. I think \$45 fine is outrageous. Ten dollars is the usual thing, and the person running the car is the only one fined. In our case the justice fined Ridley here \$25, and threatened to double it when he protested, while Sanderson and myself, who were merely passengers, were assessed \$10 each. As none of us have money enough to settle we were sent here and locked up like common malefactors. Such a thing wouldn't happen in New York, take it from me," said Bill.

"It does seem kind of hard on you chaps," admitted the deputy constable; "but the justice is sore on the speed fiends, and it happened to be your luck to be the first brought before him for breaking the speed law."

"Has the boss constable tried to communicate with my boss?" asked Bob.

"I couldn't say what he has done about that. He may have sent a messenger to notify him that you lads have been arrested and fined and his car held as security for the money."

"That will be an extra charge, I suppose," said Bill.

"Very likely, as it's a matter of accommodation," said the deputy.

While the boys were finishing their meal Bill took in the office.

He observed that the deputy had hung the ring with the three cell keys on a nail beside the desk.

He immediately concluded that was where it always hung. It gave him a new idea.

He looked at the window, overlooking the street, and saw that it was secured by an ordinary fastening, which could easily be forced by a wedge-shaped piece of wood driven between the sashes.

When the boys had concluded their supper they were led back to their cells and locked in for the night, unless their fine was paid in the meanwhile, when they would be released.

The deputy constables, blowing out the lamp and taking the trap of empty dishes with them, went away.

As soon as Bill heard the front door slammed to, he moved his cot back under the window and mounted it as before.

It was too early yet to attempt his escape, but he wanted to keep his eye on the neighborhood.

"If I can only work my plans all right," he thought, "the three of us will give the village authorities the merry ha, ha! and we'll take the car with us, too."

He chuckled at the thought of the surprise that awaited the constables in the morning if things worked without a hitch.

"I'll bet Dick and Bob are feeling pretty blue in their cells," said Bill to himself. "If they only knew what was going to happen their spirits would rise like an inflated balloon, and they'd be as tickled as they now are miserable."

Bill struck a match and looked at his watch.

It was eight o'clock, still too early for him to venture to begin operations.

It was quite possible they might have a visit yet from the head constable.

Bill curbed his impatience to be up and doing, for he knew that he might spoil the whole thing by too much haste.

It seemed an awful long time before nine came around, and that hour was far too early to take chances.

As ten o'clock approached the lights in the houses within his range of vision went out one by one.

The village people went to bed early in comparison with city folks.

About this time he heard a light vehicle drive into the constable's yard, and he heard the sound of men's voices there for about fifteen minutes.

Then a door was slammed and quiet reigned again around the neighborhood.

He took the bars out of their sockets, laid them on his cot and pulled himself partly out of the window to take a survey of the situation.

He saw a light in an upper window of the constable's house, and a man's shadow occasionally reflected on the blinds.

A white picket fence ran between the lock-up and the constable's yard, ending at the shed where the automobile was.

Bill knew it was there, for he had heard the noise it made when the constable backed it in there.

As it was his intention to run it out after he had rescued his two friends, he had some misgiving as to whether the noise it was sure to make in running out would awaken the constable.

Even if it did that would not prevent them making their escape.

Eleven o'clock came around on leaden wings.

"I guess it will be safe to venture now," he said.

He raised his right leg and pushed it through the window. Hanging out, he took a good look around.

The only light in sight was what came from the stars and made nearby objects quite clear.

From his perch he saw a ladder stretched across the front of the shed, resting on a couple of barrels.

"I wonder if the constable thinks that will keep the car from getting out," he chuckled.

Then he swung himself out of the window and landed on the ground—a free boy.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JAIL BREAKERS.

He looked up at the barred windows of the other two cells where his friends were confined, and his first idea was to toss a small stone through each of them to attract the attention of Dick and Bob.

On reflection he concluded not to do so.

He was about to enter the constable's yard to look for a small piece of wood which he could fashion into a wedge to insert between the sashes of the office window when his eye caught sight of an open window in the loft of the lock-up.

"That will be a more expeditious way to get back into the jail than by way of the office window, which is likely to give me considerable trouble to force," he thought. "I can easily get up there by using the ladder which the constable placed in front of the shed. It was very kind of him to leave it so handy for me."

Bill climbed over the picket fence, put the ladder over, got back again, and raised it under the window of the loft.

To run up and enter the loft was the work for but a few moments.

Lighting a match, Bill soon found a flight of stairs which ran down into the lock-up proper.

He went down and walked into the office where he found the cell keys, as he expected, hanging on the nail beside the constable's desk.

"Oh, this job is easy," he laughed, as he started for the back of the jail.

He tried the keys first on his own cell to find the one that opened it.

Then the idea occurred to him to replace the bars in their sockets, and put the cot back in its original place.

"After I let Dick and Bob out I'll relock the cells and return the keys to the nail. All we have to do will be to get out through the window, remove the ladder, and leave the constable to solve the mystery of how we got away," he said, quite tickled over the thought of the amazement of the constable when he found everything all right, apparently, in the lock-up,

and yet the three prisoners gone. "It will be one big joke on him, and I'll bet he won't get over it in a coon's age."

Relocking his cell door he went to the next one, where Dick was confined and opened it.

Instead of his friend asking who was there, he heard deep breathing from the cot.

"Dick is asleep. Now to surprise him. Here, wake up, old man," he said, shaking his friend by the arm.

Dick gave a snort and sat up.

"Who's there?" he said.

"Bill Bunce."

"What, is that really you, Bill?"

"Don't you know my voice?"

"Sure I do. How came you in here? Have our folks come and paid our fine?"

"No, not that I have heard."

"Then explain."

"I escaped from my cell, got the keys and came to let you and Bob out."

"You don't mean it," cried Dick, jumping up with alacrity.

"Come on and don't waste time. We've got to get away from this place as soon as we can."

"How are we going to get out of this jail. The place is locked up, isn't it?"

"Don't worry about getting out. That's easy. Follow me."

As soon as Dick stood in the corridor Bill locked the cell and then opened the third and last one.

He found Bob asleep, too.

It didn't take much exertion to awaken him.

"Hello, is that you, constable?" asked Bob, rubbing his eyes in the dark.

"No, it isn't the constable, but your particular friends, Bill and Dick."

"How did you two come here? Are we released?"

"No, but we're going to make our escape."

"Make our escape! How?"

"Come along and you'll see."

Bob didn't waste any time in getting out of the cell, which Bill locked.

"Follow after me," said Bill, and he led them to the door of the office. "Wait here till I hang the keys up where they belong."

"How do we get out?" asked Bob when Bill returned to them.

"We can easily get out through the office window, which is held by a common catch, but as I want to mystify the constable, I don't care to leave the window unlocked as long as there is no need of it. Follow me up to the loft. There's a window there with a ladder standing under it. We'll be outside in a jiffy."

Inside of five minutes they were standing on the ground outside and Bill took hold of the ladder and pushed it back into the constable's yard.

"Now, then, we must get the car out of the shed," he said.

"Is that where it is?" said Bob.

"Yes. Get over the fence and you'll see it."

"We can't start her without making some noise."

"It won't take you more than half a minute, I should think, to crank her and start her. I'll open the gate so the way will be clear."

With the gate open, and Bill and Dick in the back seat, all was ready for the final move in the game.

The coast was clear as far as could be seen.

Before getting into the car Bill and Dick placed one of the barrels on which the ladder had rested in front of the back door and the other before the front door of the constable's house.

The ladder was balanced across the front one.

Bob cranked the machine, sprang into his seat, released the brake, and started the car.

It left the shed with a kind of rush, sped through the open gate and turned down the street toward the road.

If the constable was aroused by the departure of the car the boys did not know it, and they were soon speeding Brooklynward.

"What time is it?" asked Bob.

"Quarter of twelve."

"Our folks must be wondering what has become of us," said Dick.

"They'll have to wonder till we get back to offer an explanation," said Bill.

"Now tell us how you got out of your cell," said Bob. "You had to do that before you could help us."

"Sure I had to. Well, I got out through the window."

"Through the window! How could you. It was barred like our windows."

"I'll admit it was, but those bars happened to be loose. I made them looser, and finally pulled them out altogether. Then the way was clear for me to get out, and I got out as soon as I judged it was prudent to do so."

"But the bars were in your window when we came down the ladder. I saw them," said Bob.

"I put them back to puzzle the constable. When he or his deputy brings us our breakfast in the morning he will find us non est inventus, which is Latin for not to be found, or words to that effect. He'll find the cells locked as they were left, and the windows looking as usual. The problem he'll have to figure out is how did his three prisoners escape?"

"He'll know when he examines the bars of the window you tampered with," said Dick.

"He'll understand how I got out, of course, but that won't explain how you two got out."

"The ladder and the open loft window will give him an idea."

"I returned to the lock-up that way, released you chaps, and so on? Well, I closed that window before I followed you down the ladder, just to make the puzzle a bit denser. If I could have fastened those bars in their sockets I could have had him guessing for the rest of his life."

"It's a great joke on the constable," grinned Dick. "When it leaks out, the people are bound to roast him."

"I'm thinking the justice will roast him first. The town is out \$45."

"You forget that the justice and the constable have our names and addresses," said Bob. "The constable is sure to call on my boss and demand payment."

"How is he going to make him pay? He didn't break the speed law, and it is a question if the constable will be able to levy on the machine now that it is out of his jurisdiction."

"I don't know just how we'll stand in this matter," said Bill. "You see we are escaped prisoners and are probably liable to rearrest. This might prove more serious than breaking the speed law, though I maintain that the justice had no legal right to fine Dick and me at all, as we were only passengers. If any attempt is made to rearrest me, I shall fight the matter on the ground that my arrest in the first place, together with the fine, was illegal. I advise you to do the same, Dick."

"I certainly will," said Dick.

"It looks as if I was to be the goat," said Bob.

"It strikes me you will have to stand for the fine, and your boss will have to pay if you don't, as the car is his," said Bill.

It was close on to one when Bill entered his home.

His folks had gone to bed and were asleep, for they never worried about Bill if he was out late, or even over night, as he had more than one friend at whose house he often stopped.

At breakfast next morning he told his folks about his auto ride to Jamaica, and how it ended for the time being in the village lock-up.

Then he described how he escaped from his cell, and rescued his two companions in misfortune.

Mr. Bunce looked serious.

"You boys got yourselves into a bad scrape, and it is a question how it will end," he said. "I am not familiar with the law on the subject, but it is my impression that you and your friend Dick Sanderson, being merely passengers in the car, should not have been fined. As for young Ridley, I'm afraid he'll have to stand for all the consequences. He was fined \$25. The fine not being forthcoming, he was very properly sent to the lock-up. A few hours later he broke jail with your help. It strikes me that he can be rearrested and punished for that, in addition to the fine. The village authorities can bring another charge against him, too."

"Another charge! What other charge?"

"Carrying passengers in a car of which he was not the owner."

"Is that against the law?"

"I think it is."

"Heavens! Bob will be up to his neck in trouble."

"As he is only a boy he may come out of it all right. It was foolish for you lads to break out of jail, no matter how unjustly you were treated. I think the proper thing to do is for me to consult with the fathers of Bob and Dick. It may be advisable for us to hire a lawyer to arrange an easy settlement with the authorities of the village."

"Who would have thought that an afternoon ride would lead to such unpleasant results," said Bill.

"You boys brought the trouble on yourselves by racing the

car. Suppose you had run over and killed somebody, see the trouble it would have involved you and your families in. As it is, I think it is serious enough," said Mr. Bunce.

Bill took his father around to Dick's house, where a consultation was held with Mr. Sanderson.

The two gentlemen then went with their sons to call at the Ridley home.

The result of the discussion there was that the three men went to see Bob's boss, who was ignorant as yet of the trouble, for he supposed that Bob had returned before dark the afternoon before and returned the car to the garage, whereas it was one in the morning when Bob arrived in the car.

The outcome of the consultation at the home of Bob's boss was that the four men went in the car to the village and saw the justice.

That official was in very bad humor, and was intent on pushing the case against the boys.

When the legality of his action in fining Bill and Dick was questioned, he reluctantly admitted that perhaps he had gone too far, and he said he would remit the fines against them, but insisted that he would have Bob rearrested unless the \$25 was paid, and another \$25 for his breaking jail.

The second fine was finally reduced to \$15, and the four men chipped in \$10 apiece, and the whole case was settled.

And so the boys got out of what might have proved a serious affair.

CHAPTER V.

BILL'S BRAIN CONCEIVES A GREAT SCHEME.

Bill left home on Monday morning at his usual time, and, after getting out of the car at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance, walked over to City Hall Park, took a seat near the fountain and devoted his attention as usual to the financial page of his morning paper.

Then he read the general news, and the clock on the City Hall indicating a quarter of ten, he started for Wall Street, going down Nassau street.

It was a minute or two after ten when he entered the little bank where he had put through his various stock deals.

Here he passed the morning and up to one o'clock watching the quotations as they were chalked up on the blackboard.

After lunch he returned to the little bank.

At two o'clock he picked out L. & O. as a good proposition to take a chance on, and bought 100 shares at 90.

Shortly afterward he saw that United Traction was rising, as prophesied by the financial papers the week before, and he bought 200 shares at 125.

When the Exchange closed, both stocks ruled a point higher than the price he gave for them.

As he was not due home before six, he went down to Bowling Green Park to read the afternoon paper.

The paper he honored with his custom was the daily which devoted nearly a full page to financial matters, and often had editorials on the subject he was most interested in.

After reading and pondering over financial matters, he turned to the editorial page.

Here he found a comment on the announcement by the Secretary of the Treasury that he would shortly ask for bids on the first issue of two per cent. thirty-year Panama bonds.

The editor said that \$50,000,000 of these bonds would be offered, and though the interest rate was low he did not doubt that the entire issue would be over-subscribed for by the larger banking houses of Wall Street.

It was pointed out that small bidders had an equal chance with the big ones in securing some of these bonds, as every bid would be considered on its merits, and the smaller bidders would be certain to be awarded their full quota, while the successful large bidders were likely to be cut down.

Bidders would not be required to forward any deposit with their offers, but would have to deposit the amount of the premium on the full amount of bonds bid for on a certain date.

Should a successful bidder fail to do so, or take up the bonds, they would be allotted to the next highest bidder.

The subject of bonds being a fad with Bill, as we have already remarked, he was deeply interested in this advance piece of news.

He read the more detailed account of the forthcoming bond issue on another page with a great deal of attention, and pondered over it.

It was not stated when the Treasury Department would make its formal request for offers on the \$50,000,000 bond issue, but it was indicated that it would be announced soon, when the complete details would be published.

Bill cut out both the notice and the editorial, and put them

carefully away in his pocketbook for further consideration, then he read the rest of the news.

When the clock on the tower of the Produce Exchange announced the hour of five, Bill started for the Brooklyn Bridge to get a car for home.

He devoted some thought to the subject of bonds that evening, particularly the perspective issue of the two per cent. Panama Canal securities, which was the lowest rate of interest yet to be placed by the Government on its bonds, and he wondered what would be the highest offer the Treasury Department would get, and whether the sale would be attended with the usual success.

With his chair tilted back and his feet on the ledge of a window, he sat in the dark and went over his recollections of previous bond sales by the Government, and how when offered to the general public, and not privately to banking syndicates, they had been over-subscribed two or three times, and the Treasury Department had secured a higher price for its gilt-edged securities.

As he ruminated, a somewhat visionary scheme formed in his active brain, but it had possibilities that appealed to him.

The scheme, half formed as yet, had nerve for its backbone, and a nerve that was colossal for a boy to even dream of.

But it was the right kind of nerve—the nerve that has made millionaires of small capitalists.

To say the truth, the bare thought of actually attempting what was in his mind somewhat staggered him at first, but as time passed and the plan shaped itself more definitely in his brain, he ceased to regard it as anything more than a bid for fortune, which might prove successful, and in any case would cost him nothing more than a sheet of paper, an envelope and a two-cent postage stamp.

But he could not hope to succeed by mere guesswork.

It is true it was possible to win by a mere guess, but it was one chance in a thousand or more.

He was too much interested in his idea to take such chances.

Besides, it was unnecessary.

Having the bond business well in hand through long study and careful calculation, he had the groundwork to base his figuring on.

Indeed, he was nearly as well equipped as any of the great banking houses to enter the lists with them in the competition that would shortly be in order.

Until the time came he intended to devote all his time, aside from his stock operations, to a careful calculation of the conditions bearing on the matter, and also to plan how he would dispose of the bonds if they were awarded to him.

His whole campaign must be accurately sketched out in detail before he made his bid, for he knew such a bid as he had in mind would attract general attention in the financial world as soon as it became known that it had been submitted by a boy without the capital to make good.

It would be criticized by some financiers, and jeered at by others.

The newspapers would take it up and give it the aspect of a farce-comedy, but Bill did not mean there should be any farce-comedy about it.

Ridiculous as some might view the idea he intended, if good luck attended his venture, to make a fortune from an insignificant two-cent postage stamp.

In the meanwhile, Bill kept his attention on the two stock deals he was interested in.

In about a week L. & O. went up to 95, while United Traction did still better, going to 135 in that time.

At the end of ten days Bill sold L. & O. at a profit of \$8 a share, clearing \$800.

He continued to follow United Traction.

For another week it fluctuated up and down, and finally reached 137.

Bill concluded that was good enough for him, and he sold, making \$2,400.

During all this time he went to Wall Street and returned home at his regular time, and so his family had no suspicion that he was no longer in the employ of Broker Jessup.

He met Jack Carter occasionally and learned how things were going at the office.

Simon Cobb was in high feather there, and lorded it over the new clerk who had taken Bob's desk.

"He's sore on Miss Watson, though," said Carter. "She never thought much of him, but she thinks less of him since he was the cause of getting you out."

"He stands as well as ever with Mr. Jessup, I suppose?" said Bill.

"Oh, yes. He's got the inside track with the boss, and he knows how to hold it. I have a great respect for the church,

because it's the only thing that keeps humanity half way decent; but such leeches as Cobb, with their sanctimonious bluff, do religion a lot of injury, since they are certain to be shown up in the long run, and their exposure gives outsiders and blacksliders a wrong impression of a good cause."

"That's right," nodded Bill.

"The pastor of Mr. Jessup's church called yesterday to see him. As the boss was out at the time, he asked for Cobb. You ought to have seen the way Simon kow-towed to him. He was as nice as pie. Brought the dominie into the counting-room and introduced him all around. Then he took the reverend gentleman to his desk and talked with him for fifteen or twenty minutes. About that time the boss turned up, and they both went in to see him. Altogether, Cobb lost the best part of an hour from his work, and as he isn't a chap to catch up, he had the new junior help him out."

"How is the new fellow getting on?"

"First rate. His name is Rickey, and he's a quiet chap. Cobb bosses him around a good deal, but I fancy that won't continue. As soon as Rickey sees through him he'll call a halt and Cobb will take water."

Next day Bill met Cobb coming from his lunch, and stopped him.

"How do you do, Mr. Cobb? It gives me great pleasure to meet you again," he said, ironically.

Cobb didn't seem inclined to have anything to say to him at first, but his curiosity to learn how Bill was doing got the better of him.

"I am glad to see that you can talk to me without insulting me," said Cobb, in a patronizing tone. "Where are you working?"

"I haven't found a job yet," said Bill.

"No," grinned Cobb, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"Can't you get anybody to take you on?"

"It's pretty hard to get a position in Wall Street without reference."

"You see what you got by insulting Mr. Jessup—and me."

"Maybe if I called on Mr. Jessup he might give me reference."

"He might—if I asked him to."

"Are you his right bower now?"

"Well, I stand pretty close to him. We belong to the same church, you know."

"You attend services every Sunday, I suppose?"

"I never miss morning and evening services, and I also attend the Bible class at nine o'clock. Besides that, I go regularly to the Wednesday night prayer meeting, and attend the meetings of the Foreign Missionary branch, of which I am a humble and zealous member. If you followed my example you would have more luck. Pardon me now, I must get on. It isn't proper I should waste Mr. Jessup's time talking to you in the street," said Cobb, continuing on his way.

"Well, you're the limit, Simon Cobb," thought Bill, as he went on to the little bank.

CHAPTER VI.

BILL SENDS IN HIS BID FOR FIVE MILLION BONDS.

At length one morning Bill saw in the newspaper the publication of the Government's call for tenders on the Panama Canal two per cent. thirty-year bonds.

He read it carefully and gleaned all the necessary particulars.

That day Bill devoted his whole attention to the subject he was now thoroughly interested in.

He had only to complete his calculations, based upon substantial grounds with which he had carefully familiarized himself.

It does not concern this story how he reached his conclusions—while the modus operandi greatly interested him it would hardly interest our readers.

We will merely say that he worked his bid out on the same lines followed by an expert financier with a similar purpose in view.

There was no nerve in that.

Where the nerve came in was the amount of bonds he intended to bid for—one-tenth of the whole issue, or \$5,000,000 worth.

He had no doubt that one or more syndicates had been formed, or were in the course of formation, to bid on the entire issue.

Of course, if a syndicate's offer was higher than that of any other tender, the combination would get all the bonds, and all the other bidders would get left.

If a dozen or more people or banks bid higher than the syn-

dicade, and the combined bids of all of them only amounted to \$15,000,000, the syndicate would be allotted the balance, or \$35,000,000.

If enough offers were made at a higher rate than the syndicates to cover the whole intended issue of bonds, then the syndicate would get none at all.

Finally if the bonds met with such popular favor as to be largely over subscribed for at bids that entitled almost all to a look-in, they would be allotted pro rata as far as they would go.

So when Bill had decided upon his exact bid, or rather bids, for he did not intend to make one bid for the whole \$5,000,000, but five, each covering one million, to increase his chances of getting something out of the operation, he sat down to the table in his room and wrote his letter to the Secretary of the Treasury.

We will merely reproduce his bids for the \$5,000,000, which were as follows:

\$1,000,000 at 104.125
1,000,000 at 103.990
1,000,000 at 103.976
1,000,000 at 103.925
1,000,000 at 103.867

The first of the above bids stood the best chance of winning because it was the highest, a little more than he wanted to offer, in fact, but he put it in because he was afraid the bids might run higher than they ought to in his judgment, and though he saw little profit in the event that a single million was awarded him, still he argued that he could make something.

He hoped to come in on a couple of the others to make things interesting.

The last two were nearer his idea of what the bonds ought to net the Government, which he calculated would allow the bidder a handsome profit.

He put his letter in an envelope, sealed it up and addressed it to the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.

The paper and envelope he counted immaterial, so that his entire investment cost him only the price of the postage stamp—two cents.

To make sure that his bid would not go astray, he intended to mail it at the general post-office next morning on his way to Wall Street, registering it.

He usually went down Nassau street, which led straight into Wall, but on the following morning when he left the Brooklyn Bridge he only went as far as the beginning of Nassau street, at the corner of Spruce, and started across to the post-office.

Then the incident happened that some people would have considered as either a lucky or unlucky omen in connection with his bond venture, according as they viewed it.

He was crossing Park Row direct from the post-office building when an automobile bore down upon him at some speed.

For once in his life his wits were not about him.

His thoughts were all centered on his bond scheme.

The chauffeur saw him, tooted his horn and turned out of his way.

Bill, still unmindful of the car, suddenly darted for the sidewalk, thereby getting right in front of the car, and in a twinkling he was struck and knocked several feet ahead of the car.

In spite of the chauffeur's best efforts the car rolled over the prostrate boy and then stopped.

A score of eye-witnesses rushed forward, expecting to find the lad crushed to death.

But he wasn't.

He crawled out unhurt.

And in his fingers he held the letter containing his bond bid, which had fallen from his hand, but which he had not failed to recover in spite of the dazed condition he was in from the shock.

Two men helped him on his feet and asked him with some solicitude if he was much hurt.

"Why, no, I'm not hurt," replied Bill, a bit hazily. "What hit me? A street car?"

"No, an automobile. There it is, and here is the chauffeur come to see how you have come out," said one of the men.

The chauffeur did not feel that he was to blame for the accident, but he knew he was likely to be arrested just the same.

"I am glad to see that you do not appear to be much hurt, young man," he said, feeling greatly relieved after looking Bill over carefully.

"So you ran me down, did you?" said Bill, now quite himself again. "You chaps appear to think you own the streets."

"I am sorry, but I'll leave it to any eye-witness if it wasn't wholly your own fault," said the chauffeur.

"My fault. How do you make that out? Did I get in your way?"

"You certainly did. You were in my path when I first saw you. I blew my horn three times and turned out. Nothing would have happened had you remained where you were. Instead of that you suddenly darted forward and placed yourself directly in my way. That made it impossible for me to avoid hitting you. I could not even stop in time to avoid running over you. The marvel of it all is how you escaped the wheel. Yours is one case in a thousand, and you ought to be mighty thankful that you are not a subject for either the hospital or the morgue," said the chauffeur. "And I am mighty thankful, too," he added, "for though I could not have been held responsible for anything that happened to you under the circumstances, still I would have been involved in considerable trouble."

Quite a crowd had gathered by this time, and fresh accessions increased it every moment.

This attracted the attention of a policeman, who came to see what the trouble was.

The case was explained to him, and he took down Bill's name and address, and also the chauffeur's, together with the name of the owner of the car.

As Bill was satisfied from what the eye-witnesses of the accident said, that the chauffeur was not to blame, he brought no charge against the man.

So the car started on its way, and Bill entered the post-office with a lame shoulder, but otherwise all right, and the crowd melted away.

Bill mailed his letter and then made his way down to Wall Street and entered the little bank.

He was feeling in good spirits, for somehow he felt it in his bones that he was going to secure at least a part of those Panama bonds.

And while he sat in the waiting-room watching the black-board, his thoughts were busy with speculations as to how he would dispose of his option at a profit.

He knew the chance of a profit depended on what advance the bonds made in price between the time the successful bidders were announced and the time the first payment had to be made to the Government.

It would not require much of an advance for him to make something out of one million dollars worth of bonds.

If he was successful in catching on to two or three million, his chance of a comfortable profit would be materially increased.

And if, by good fortune, he secured the entire five million, he stood to make a mighty good thing out of his two-cent investment.

When he returned from lunch he noticed that C. & D. was advancing, and decided to take a shy at it.

He bought 300 shares at 85, and gave his attention to it for the rest of the afternoon.

When the Exchange closed at three o'clock the stock was half a point higher than he paid for it.

When Bill left the little bank he walked leisurely down Broad street.

He met a broker named Smith he was acquainted with.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" he said.

"Hello, Bunce. I heard you had left Jessup's office," said the broker, who had been so informed by Jessup himself.

"Yes, that's correct."

"What are you doing?"

"Speculating a little to keep busy."

"You are looking for another position, too, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't made any efforts in that direction. I think I can do better on my own hook."

"Think you can, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must have some money if you can afford to speculate. What broker have you favored with your custom?"

"At present I'm dealing with the little bank on Nassau street."

As that establishment was regarded by brokers as a sort of bucket-shop because one could buy as low as five shares of any stock on the list of a five per cent. margin, which method of doing business was looked upon with great disfavor by the traders because it encouraged boys and persons of limited capital to speculate, Mr. Smith judged that Bill's financial backing did not amount to a whole lot.

"You won't make much out of that shop," said Smith. "I thought you were dealing with a regular broker."

"I've got capital enough to deal with any broker if I wanted

to, but the little bank is good enough for me. I've made more than \$6,000 there."

"You have?" ejaculated Smith, looking surprised, for he did not believe anybody could pull that much money out of the place.

The impression in Wall Street was that any establishment that savored of a bucket-shop gave its customers the short end wherever that was possible.

"Yes, sir."

"If you've been as fortunate as that you ought to quit the place before your luck changes."

"I think a person ought to stay where he is doing well."

"But a bucket-shop is a mighty poor place to hang on to. I've never heard of anybody coming out ahead in the long run at such shops."

"Do you call the little bank a bucket-shop?"

"Its methods are known to be those of a bucket-shop."

"I'll admit that you can do business there on the same scale as at a bucket-shop, but you know the bank has a representative in the Exchange who executes its orders in a regular way."

"I doubt if he executes any but the larger orders."

"I have been assured by the cashier of the little bank that every order its brokerage department receives is put through in a legitimate way. That if you buy or sell five shares of any stock, the same is actually bought or sold at the Exchange. If that is true, and I see no reason to doubt it, the little bank is not really a bucket-shop. Anyway, I know the cashier resents the imputation that it is."

"Well, we won't argue the matter. If you are in a position to buy or sell 100 shares or more of any stock, why don't you call at my office and let me handle your business for you? To be known as a customer of the little bank won't do you any good. A person is always judged by his associations."

"I may drop in and give you an order."

"Do so. I'll treat you well."

With a nod Smith walked away.

As Bill continued on his way, he saw a white-haired old gentleman coming across Broad street.

An express wagon rattled out of Exchange Place and bore down on him.

The driver shouted at him to get out of the way.

Instead of doing so he stood still.

The driver tried to turn out, but the space between the team and the old gentleman was too short for him to do anything and an accident would have happened but for quick action on Bill's part.

He darted from the sidewalk, seized the old gentleman and whirled him out of the way.

The nearest horse struck Bill a heavy but glancing blow and sent him staggering toward the curb, the forward wheel missing him by a hair.

CHAPTER VII.

BILL MAKES NEW FRIENDS.

Bill lost his balance and fell with the little old gentleman.

Neither was hurt and the boy was up in a moment and helped the dazed old gentleman to the sidewalk.

As several passers by stooped, attracted by the incident, Bill asked the man he had saved if he was hurt.

"No, no, thanks to you, my young friend. Let us get away from here as I see a crowd is beginning to gather," said the old gentleman.

Bill led him up Exchange Place.

"I am very grateful to you, young man, for the services you have rendered me. I must have been run over and perhaps killed but for you."

"You are welcome, sir. I did the best I could under the circumstances."

"No one could have done better. I should be glad to know your name."

The boy told him.

"My name is Henry Trafton. I live on Riverside Drive. I will give you my address, and shall expect you to call on me shortly, for I would like to know you better. Most of my life has been passed in Wall Street, but I've been out of the Street for some time. Are you employed in this neighborhood?"

"I was until lately. I was in the office of George Jessup, stock broker. We had a disagreement and that caused my retirement," said Bill.

"If you haven't another place in view I will see that you get one. I have a large circle of friends, any one of whom will be glad to do me a favor if they can. We will talk the

matter over when you call on me. We will go down New street, if you please. My son-in-law has an office half way down the block. He will take me home in his car."

An automobile was standing in front of the entrance to an office building, with a chauffeur seated in front.

The old gentleman said that was his son-in-law's car.

The chauffeur touched his hat to him with great respect.

"Come up to my son-in-law's office and I will introduce you to him," said the old gentleman, taking Bill by the arm.

They went up in the elevator to the fifth floor, and the old gentleman led the way to a suite of offices, in the front of which bore the name of Edwin Stockbridge, with the words "Stocks and bonds" following it.

Mr. Trafton took Bill into the private office where they found a fine looking man of perhaps eight-and-forty years seated at his desk.

"Edwin," said the old gentleman, "let me make you acquainted with my young friend, William Bunce. Bunce, this is Mr. Stockbridge."

Bill and the broker shook hands.

Mr. Trafton then told his son-in-law about the service the boy had done for him, and Stockbridge thanked Bill for saving the old gentleman from being run down by the wagon, assuring him that he appreciated his courage and presence of mind very much indeed, and would be glad to show that he did in any way within his power.

"I have invited him to call on me, Edwin," said Mr. Trafton.

Stockbridge nodded approvingly.

"Your daughter will be glad to have an opportunity to express her gratitude to him," he said.

"Of course. Of course," said the old gentleman. "When shall I expect to see you?" he added to Bill.

"Whenever it is convenient to you, sir," replied the boy.

"Where do you live?"

Bill gave his address in Flatbush.

"That is some distance from my house," said Mr. Trafton.

"I guess you'd better call on Sunday afternoon, say about four. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, sir," said Bill.

"Very well. Then I will look for you at that time."

He handed the boy the number of his house, and in a few minutes Bill took his leave.

Looking through his paper that afternoon Bill saw a paragraph about his accident in front of the post-office.

The policeman had taken down the names and addresses of those concerned, together with the facts of the case, and reported it at the precinct station later.

In that way it came to the notice of the newspapers.

Next morning Bill was on hand at the little bank with his eye on the quotations of the stock he was interested in.

During the day it went up three-quarters of a point.

The following day was Saturday and it advanced another fraction of a point.

At half-past eleven Bill concluded to sell out and did so.

He calculated that his winnings would amount to about \$500.

After his dinner next day he left home to call on old Mr. Trafton.

On reaching Manhattan he took a Sixth avenue train and got out at Ninety-sixth street.

He walked over to the river and turned up Riverside Drive.

Mr. Trafton lived in a handsome residence, surrounded by well kept grounds.

A maid admitted him and he was shown up stairs into the private sitting-room, where he found the old gentleman expecting him.

He received a cordial greeting.

Before long Mrs. Stockbridge, the old gentleman's daughter, came in and Bill was introduced to her.

Her daughter, Nellie, a pretty sixteen-year-old girl, becomingly attired in a house gown of the latest style, came in and Bill was presented to her.

About five Mrs. Stockbridge and her daughter excused themselves as they were going out for a ride in the auto up the drive.

That left Bill and the old gentleman by themselves.

"You haven't found a position yet, I suppose?" said Mr. Trafton.

"I am not looking for one, sir," replied Bill.

"No?" said the old gentleman, in some surprise.

"No, sir. I've made nearly \$4,000 out of the stock market since I left Mr. Jessup about a month ago. That is a whole lot more than I could earn working for any man or firm."

"True, but don't you think it a rather hazardous way to make money?"

"I admit it is, particularly when one has only a limited capital. But I have something else in view that I take more interest in."

"What is that?"

"I don't know whether I ought to say anything about it till I learn how I am coming out. Still I don't mind mentioning it to you in confidence. You know the Secretary of the Treasury has called for bids on the first batch of Panama Canal two per cents?"

"Yes."

"I have put in a graded bid for five million dollars worth."

"Five million, you say? You amaze me."

"It was rather nervy of me to do it, but if all or a part of the bonds are awarded to me I intend to sell my option at a price that will give me a profit. Of course I am banking on the probability that the value of the bonds will immediately advance higher than the figure I have offered to pay for them. That has always happened heretofore, and I believe it will happen again, though the low rate of interest is going to keep the advance down. It was because I knew I could only count on a small margin of profit that induced me to bid for such a large amount of the bonds. Should I be allotted the entire five million a small margin of profit will amount to something."

"Upon my word, young man, as a budding financier you are the limit," laughed the old gentleman. "To make a success of your venture, in the event that you happen to prove one of the lucky bidders, you will have to hustle, as I take it for granted that you will not be able to raise the amount of the first payment."

"You are right. The grass won't have time to grow under my feet. I'll have to make hay while the sun shines, and the sun won't shine any too long on my scheme."

"If the bonds secure a fair market advance at the start you may have no great trouble in selling your option to one of the other important bidders who failed through your bid to get as many of the bonds as he or the firm calculated on. But you must not forget that if your entire bid is successful it is going to make a stir in financial circles. You are going to get into the newspapers from one end of the country to the other. When it becomes generally known that an irresponsible bidder has secured the option on one-tenth of the whole bond offer the financiers most interested in these bonds are going to bring pressure to bear on the Secretary of the Treasury to have your bid thrown out."

"I wouldn't be surprised, but I count on having a fair deal. I am entitled to make something out of my bid if it should prove successful, for I didn't reach it by guesswork, but by the same method any financier would adopt to reach a similar result."

To make Mr. Trafton understand that what he said was so he explained how he had long devoted his attention to the study of the bond problem, and was as well grounded in general finance as the majority of persons in the same line in Wall Street.

The little old gentleman was much interested in his statement, and said that he ought to prove a valuable asset to any bank or office in the financial district that carried on a large bond business.

After that Mr. Trafton, who had at first viewed Bill's scheme to secure an option on \$5,000,000 of the Panama Canal bonds, and try to sell it in Wall Street at a profit, as a visionary speculation, altered his opinion, and became rather interested in the result of the unusual venture.

They were still talking over the matter when Mrs. Stockbridge and her daughter returned from their ride and joined them again.

Bill stayed to tea with his new friends, and just before it was announced Mr. Stockbridge came in and shook hands with the young visitor.

After the evening meal everybody adjourned to the sitting-room and Bill remained until nine o'clock.

He was invited to repeat his visit at an early date, and the old gentleman told him to let him know how he came out on his bond bid, as he was quite interested in the outcome of Bill's nervy speculation.

"I'll let you know," said Bill. "If I am successful I may wish to consult you in reference to the disposal of the option."

"I shall be pleased to assist you in every way I can," replied Mr. Trafton. "Remember I am under a deep obligation to you."

Then Bill started for Flatbush.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STOLEN TIARA.

Bill appeared at the little bank promptly at ten o'clock next morning, hoping to get another shy at the market.

Prices were weak, and nearly all the stocks showed a downward tendency.

There was little business being done by the habitués.

Bill left about eleven and went over to the Curb Exchange to see what was going on there.

The mining market was fairly steady, but the brokers were not falling over themselves in a rush to execute orders, because business was slack there, too.

Bill hung around for half an hour and then concluded that there was nothing in it for him.

He then went to the Consolidated Exchange and took up his position in the gallery.

There was no rush of business there.

He remained till after twelve and hied himself to lunch.

He returned to the little bank at half-past one and remained there till three.

He collected what was coming to him on the C. & D. deal and locked the money up in his safe deposit box.

When he bought his afternoon paper he found a sensational piece of news on the first page.

To his surprise Simon Cobb figured prominently in it.

The story was this:

Through an arrangement made the previous evening Cobb had called that morning at the home of a wealthy member of the church he and Mr. Jessup attended and was intrusted by the gentleman's wife with a diamond tiara, valued at about \$10,000, to take down town to a Maiden Lane diamond firm, on his way to Wall Street, with a letter of instructions relative to remodeling the shape of the tiara.

This important mission was intrusted to Cobb rather than to a servant because he was regarded as a model young man, who could be thoroughly trusted.

A taxi-cab was placed at his service, and he left with the valuable article in his possession at half-past eight in the morning.

At the northeast corner of Madison Square an automobile, which had followed the taxi down Madison avenue, crossed its path so sharply as to cause the driver of the taxi to shut off power and put on the brake to avoid a collision.

The auto stopped squarely in front of the other vehicle and two of the three men in it sprang out.

While one held up the driver at the point of a pistol the other opened the door of the taxi, shoved his revolver in Cobb's face and compelled him to give up the package containing the diamond tiara.

The men then sprang back into their car and made off down East Twenty-fifth street at a speed which soon took them out of sight.

Cobb yelled to the driver that he had been robbed and told him to make his way as soon as he could to the nearest precinct station house, which the man did.

There Cobb and the driver told their stories and detectives were sent out to find the thieves.

Cobb then telephoned the lady who had intrusted him with her property, explaining what had happened, and assuring her that he had done the best he could to save the package, but that he had to give it up to save his life.

Everything about the hold-up indicated that it had been pre-arranged, and the mystery of the affair was how the rascals had learned that the boy, on his way down town in the taxi, was the bearer of a valuable package.

This was a puzzle the police were trying to solve in connection with the case.

"That's a hot one on Cobb," thought Bill. "If the lady who sent him on such an important errand knew that he had no more backbone than a mouse I guess she would have thought twice before placing such a valuable article in his hands. The sight of that revolver must have thrown him into a terrible funk. I wonder that he had the presence of mind to get over to the station house as soon as he did. He did the right thing without loss of time for once in his life if the newspaper gives the story straight. I'll bet the driver of the taxi is entitled to as much credit for that as he, perhaps more. The police say the hold-up was a cut and dried affair. It certainly reads that way. I should say that one of the servants in the house learned that the tiara was to be sent down town in Cobb's charge, and gave the tip to some crooked acquaintance with the view of sharing in the proceeds of the robbery. That's the way it looks to me."

Bill turned to the financial page and forgot all about the hold-up in which his enemy had suffered.

The market continued uncertain for the whole week, and Bill made no attempt to get in on any new deal.

On Saturday afternoon at one o'clock he met Dick Sanderson by arrangement and the two boys went down to Jamaica Bay and hired a boat to take a sail.

This was an amusement they both enjoyed very much, as constant practice had made them pretty good boatmen.

"Shall we run out as far as Rockaway Beach?" asked Dick, as soon as they got under way.

"Yes. I guess we can easily make it in this breeze, stay there awhile and get back to the wharf before dark," nodded Bill.

Accordingly they shaped their course, which would carry them past the many islands in the bay, and felt a keen enjoyment as the little craft slipped through the water at a spanking pace.

In due time they reached a landing on the inner side of Rockaway, tied their boat and went ashore.

The season was not yet opened at the Beach, as it was too early, but preparations for the opening were going on.

New buildings were being erected here and there, and the lessees of several of the others were down there overhauling things and making alterations and additions.

There was enough going on to interest the boys for some time as they strolled about, and the sun was going down when they started on their return trip.

The tide was down, a fact they did not take notice of, and so the first thing they knew they got aground on a shallow place between two islands.

They tried to push the craft into deeper water with the only thing they had, a boat-hook, but without result.

"One of us will have to get out and shove her," said Bill. "The water is pretty shallow here."

"S'pose you do it as it's your suggestion?" grinned Dick.

"It might be better if we both got out," replied Bill. "That would lighten the boat a good deal more, and give twice the shoving power."

"Suppose the boat got away from us, we'd be in a pretty pickle, wouldn't we?" said Dick, who wasn't anxious to get out.

"Rather. We'd have to do a little swimming."

"This isn't the time of year I care to do any swimming, especially with my clothes on," said Dick.

"I'll match you to see who gets out."

Bill produced a cent and told Dick to call the turn.

Dick reluctantly did so, and was much relieved on seeing that his companion was stuck.

So Bill removed his shoes and stockings, rolled up his trousers and was about to step overboard when a gust of wind swept down on them and the boat was carried off the bank into free water.

"Some people are born lucky. If I'd lost the call that wouldn't have happened to me," said Dick.

Bill laughed and pulled on his shoes and stockings again.

He had hardly completed the operation when they were aground in another place.

"Why didn't you watch where you were going?" said Bill.

"How could I tell there were more shallows around? You can't see them."

"You ought to know, we've been out here often enough."

"We were never caught here before at low tide."

"We'll match again to see who gets out."

"No we won't. It's up to you to get out, for you lost the toss."

Another gust shoved the boat farther on the shoal and she listed over, which showed how shallow the place was.

Bill took the boat-hook, went forward and felt around to see if he could determine where the shoal ended.

He found the water very shallow everywhere within his reach.

"We're here to stay till the tide rises," he said when he came back to the stern.

"How long will that be?"

"Two or three hours, maybe."

"That's pleasant. Don't you think we could shove her off if we both got out?"

"We might, as she doesn't draw much water."

"From the way she is lying over there doesn't seem to be a foot of water under us," said Dick.

"There isn't much more. The boat-hook showed that."

"What shall we do?"

"Let go the halliards and drop the sail, for it's getting

decidedly gusty, and the next whiff of wind might throw the boat clear over on her side."

Dick let go the halliards and the sail came down with a run.

It was now getting dark fast.

The sky to the southeast was clouding over, and the wind was growing fresher.

"I'm afraid we've got ourselves into a bad pickle," said Dick. "The bay is much rougher and the wind stronger than when we left the beach."

"That's right, but it can't be helped."

Half an hour passed and then it became so dark that only the outlines of the larger and nearest island to them could be discerned.

By that time the wind had increased considerably, raising white-capped waves all over the bay.

These waves extended over the shallows, in a somewhat lesser degree, and dashed against the careened boat, occasionally sousing the two boys with water.

The air had grown very chill, and the wind, coming in from the Atlantic, made it all the colder for the boys, who buttoned their jackets about them and exercised their arms to keep up their circulation.

"There's some one on that island over there," said Dick. "I saw a light like a lantern, flashing along through the trees. It's gone now. I wish we were there instead of here. I hope the tide is rising so that we can get away before long."

"When the boat begins to right we'll know the water is deepening under us."

Another thirty minutes elapsed and matters appeared to be growing worse.

At any rate the water slapped harder against the stern of the boat, and the boys caught the spray oftener.

Dick rolled up his jacket and shirt sleeves and ran his arm down into the water to test its depth.

It seemed to be deeper, but he might have decided by the action of the waves.

"Mercy! I'm half frozen," growled Dick, as he rolled down his sleeves. "I felt the sand so the tide hasn't come in to any great extent. We must have hit this place at the lowest point of the tide and it's been slack water ever since."

"Then the tide ought to be flowing by this time. It won't take long to float us off once it gets started."

"It's got so dark I can't see the island any longer."

"We know it's over yonder," said Bill.

Another half hour elapsed and the boat righted by degrees and was lifted at the stern by the waves and pushed about.

Bill went forward with the boat-hook and tried to shove her sternward, for the water was deeper in that direction.

For a time he failed to budge the bows, which had ploughed deep in the sand, but he finally succeeded as the tide rose higher, and the little craft finally floated free.

"Now, up with the sail, Dick, and we'll get out of here," said Bill, dropping the boat-hook and grabbing the tiller.

As soon as the sail rose the wind caught it and Bill steered as he thought through the channel between the islands.

Instead of that he was heading straight for the largest island, for the swinging around of the boat's stern had caused him to lose his bearings in the dense blackness of the night.

The first thing the boys knew the boat shot into a narrow cove-like indentation and ran half of its length up on the shelving beach.

"Holy smoke! What's this?" cried Dick, as the boat came to a sudden stop, listed over and nearly threw him out.

"Down with the sail!" cried Bill, springing up when he saw that the boat was ashore on one of the islands, though which one he didn't know.

"You're a fine boat steerer, you are," snorted Dick as he seized the halliards and let the sail down. "We've run on one of the islands."

"That appears to be a fact," admitted Bill. "I thought I was heading through the channel. The boat evidently got twisted around and I was steering at random. Don't blame me. It's so dark that we can hardly see the island we've run upon. I'm going to look around the place and see what the island looks like."

"Better not go far or you won't be able to find your way back," said Dick.

"Don't worry about that. I'll yell out to you if I get mixed up and you can shout back."

Bill thought it might be the island on which Dick had seen the light, and as he didn't think it was safe for them to trust themselves on the bay among the islands on so dark and blowy a night, in such a small boat, he wanted to see if there was

a house on the place where they could remain till morning, and perhaps get a bite to eat.

He pushed straight ahead and found himself among a lot of small trees.

There were many trees on the island where the light had shone for a few minutes, so he went ahead expectantly.

Suddenly he came out in an open space and walked up against a story and a half building.

That satisfied him they had come ashore on the right island.

He walked around the house to find the door.

He went the wrong way and came around at the back where there were two windows, through one of which shone a dim illumination.

Bill went up to the window and flattened his face against the lower pane.

There were four persons inside seated around a common deal table, in the center of which stood a lantern that gave out a bright light.

Three of the persons were men, and they were examining something which gave out scintillations of light.

The fourth person was a boy, and as the light shone full in his face Bill was not a little surprised to recognize him as Simon Cobb.

Bill wondered what had brought him and the three men to that island.

He also wondered what the men were looking at.

He was not long kept in the dark.

The man holding the article laid it upon the table and Cobb reached for it.

Before his fingers grasped it Bill saw what it was—a woman's diamond tiara.

Then like a flash the truth hit Bill.

It was the stolen tiara—the one the papers reported as taken from Cobb when he was held up at Madison Square.

Presumably these three men were the thieves.

If they were how came it that Cobb, who lost the tiara, was in their company, and apparently on the best of terms with them?"

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE TIARA CAME IN BILL'S POSSESSION.

It didn't take a sharp-witted lad like Bill many moments, as he stood there taking in the scene, to connect Simon Cobb with the theft when he recalled the statement of the police that the job had been planned beforehand and was not a mere off-hand hold-up of a young man in a taxi on the chance of what it might produce in the way of booty.

The police suspected that a house servant had furnished the thieves with the tip that the lady was going to send the tiara to a Maiden Lane jeweler at a certain hour arranged between her and Cobb, and the crooks then planned to intercept and rob him.

The presence of Cobb in that shanty with the presumed thieves convinced Bill, who, as the reader knows, had no great opinion of the margin clerk, that Cobb, and not a house servant, had furnished the information to the crooks, or perhaps had planned the scheme and taken the rascals in with him.

At any rate it showed that Cobb had associates that no one suspected.

Bill was not greatly surprised to find Simon in such company, for he believed that any one unscrupulous enough to play the hypocrite in church matters was capable of any piece of rascality.

While these thoughts flashed across his mind the conversation inside reached his ear through a hole in the window pane.

"Take your last peep at it, Simon, we're going to pick the diamonds out and melt up the setting," said one of the men, the chap who appeared to be the leading spirit present.

"It's a shame to destroy it," replied Cobb, in a regretful tone. "I should think it would fetch more in its present shape."

"It undoubtedly would," said the other, "but it would supply a clew that would land us all in jail. We chaps never think of offering stolen jewelry, or silverware, in its original shape. Do we, Casey?"

"Not by a jugful," said the man opposite, with a grin. "We're not such fools."

"Of course not. You'll learn a few useful kinks, Simon, if you hang out with us long enough. The diamonds in that tiara will lose their identity when removed from their setting, and can then be safely disposed of. The setting itself when reduced to a melted state can be worked off for its

value in old gold, and no one not in the secret will ever guess what it stood for. The dealer we favor with our custom never asks any unpleasant questions about the material we bring him. He simply buys it for what it is worth to him, and what he does with it afterward is nothing to us. Is it, Casey?"

"Nothing whatever," replied Casey, with another grin.

"You brought the melting pot from the boat, Barney?"

"Sure I did," nodded Barney; "the whole business."

"And I've got the tools in my grip to extract the diamonds. Start the furnace going, Barney, and by the time you have the right heat on tap I'll have the setting ready for you," said the leader, picking up a small hand bag, and opening it on his knees. "If you've satisfied your curiosity enough, Simon, pass the tiara over and I'll get down to business."

"How much do you think it's worth as it stands?" said Simon Cobb.

"I judge it cost around \$12,000, though the papers said it was worth \$10,000. Probably it's worth the latter sum, the difference between the two being the manufacturer's and the dealer's profits."

"How much do you expect to raise out of the diamonds and the melted setting?"

"Maybe \$6,000, which will give us \$1,500 apiece. You ought to be able to make your share go some way, Simon; but remember you must be cautious and not let any of your friends suspect that you have unexpectedly come into money. The police are supposed to be watching the madame's servants, but they may be watching you, too."

"Watching me!" gasped Cobb, with a startled look.

"Yes. Don't imagine because you enjoy such a fine reputation with those who associate with you that the detectives on the case leave you entirely out of their calculations. I didn't want you to meet us this afternoon and come down here, but you would do it. You saw no risk in it because you are not up to snuff, but we saw it, and until darkness came on and hid our movements on the bay I was not absolutely certain we were not being shadowed by detectives in one of the boats we saw on the water. Now, however, I think we are safe. But when we separate you mustn't try to communicate with us again. When the money has been realized you will receive a bank draft from the West for the amount of your share. When you cash it soak the cash away and don't make any display of sudden riches. It's risky."

"All right," said Cobb. "I guess you're right. I don't intend to blow my money in like some chumps. It isn't got so easily."

"Now, Barney, give me a hand with this job. Hold the setting steady while I get to work."

Bill, who had been thinking rapidly during the last few minutes, picked up a stone and suddenly smashed in the window.

"Hold up your hands!" he cried out. "You're pinched!"

Then he made a rapid change of base.

As may be imagined the smashing of the window and Bill's words produced a startling effect on the parties inside the building.

The leader grabbed the lantern and flung it into a corner, seized the tiara and ran into the next room, while the others made for the door and tumbled out in a hurry, the two crooks expecting nothing else than to be grabbed by detectives, but hoping to get away from them in the dark.

The leader flung open the window of the next room and scrambled out of it.

He rushed for the trees and collided with Bill before the lad could get out of his way.

The leader took the boy for a detective in the dark and made a desperate effort to escape.

Bill smashed him in the face in order to escape himself.

A mix-up followed, lasting for but a few minutes, and then the leader tore himself free, leaving a section of his jacket in Bill's hands.

Bill made another change of base, towards the front of the house, before he realized that he was carrying something more than a piece of cloth in his hand.

His intention of startling the rascals was to prevent the destruction of the tiara in its original shape for one thing, and in case they were frightened enough to leave the building in a body he meant to run in and see if they had left the ornament on the table in their haste.

Of course in that case he would take possession of it and return to Dick and the boat.

The feel of the object he held in his hand with a section of the leader's jacket pocket caused him to stop and run his other hand over it.

"By George! It's the tiara!" he breathed exultantly. And so it was.

There was no further need of entering the building.

He had obtained in a rather remarkable way the very thing he had aimed to secure through a nervy coup.

Luck certainly attended him, and there was no further need to remain on the scene, so he started to retrace his way to the boat.

He was feeling his way, as it were, through the deep gloom when he heard a cry of "Help! Help! Oh, Bill!" in Dick's voice.

The cry showed him that he was a bit off the right course.

Satisfied that one or more of the crooks had come upon his companion, and were assaulting him, he rushed in the direction of the outcry.

"Bill, oh Bill!" came floating toward him again.

"Here I am. What's the trouble?" cried Bill, rushing from the trees.

"A rascal pulled me out of the boat and made off with it," said Dick, who was standing on the beach all mussed up from the struggle he had been through.

"Too bad," said Bill. "It's one of the crooks who has made his escape."

"One of the crooks! What are you talking about?" asked Dick, to whom Bill's words were not very intelligible.

"I'll tell you later. Keep quiet now, for I don't want the rest of the bunch to come down on us. As the boat is gone we'll have to stay here till we can signal somebody in the morning to take us off. Let's get up among the trees and stay there," said Bill, grabbing Dick by the arm and pulling him along.

"No one can hear us here," said Dick, when they reached a bunch of trees and stopped. "Tell me what you know about the crooks you mentioned."

"No, I don't want to talk yet awhile. There's two more of the rascals, and a boy, who's as big a rascal in his way as they are, around here among the trees, and it wouldn't be healthy for us to run foul of them."

"What are they doing among the trees on this island at this time of night?" persisted Dick, whose curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch.

"Hiding," replied Bill, laconically.

"How did you find out that they're crooks and that they're hiding?" said Dick, with his lips to Bill's ear.

"Can't you shut up for a few minutes?"

Dick remained silent, but his mind was full of excited wonder.

"Keep your ears peeled, for they might come this way," said Bill.

The boys stood listening but heard nothing save the wind sweeping through the naked branches above their heads, and the occasional dash of the water on the rocks.

Fifteen minutes passed away, and as nothing happened Bill began to think that perhaps Cobb and the two crooks had made their escape from the island in their own boat.

At any rate he ventured to talk in a low tone and put Dick wise to all that had transpired at the house.

Dick naturally was astonished at his recital.

"And is that the tiara the newspapers reported was taken from Simon Cobb when he was held up in the taxi on Madison Square?" he asked.

"That's the article," said Bill. "And it's in my pocket at this moment."

"In your pocket!"

"Put your hand down and you'll feel it bulging out."

Dick did so and was convinced.

"How did you get it away from the crooks?"

Bill explained his encounter with the leader, and said he guessed he was the man who had thrown Dick out of the sailboat and made off in it.

"And you say Cobb was with these men at the house?"

"Yes; but you must say nothing about it. I am the chap who is going to expose him and see that he gets what's coming to him. He was the cause of my discharge from Jessup's office. It will open Mr. Jessup's eyes when he's shown up in his true colors, and the pastor and members of the church he attends will learn they had a wolf in sheep's clothing in their midst without knowing it."

"He'll get the bounce from his job and go to jail," said Dick.

"I fancy he will; and from jail to State prison when he has been convicted."

After hanging around the spot for more than an hour Bill became curious to learn if Cobb and the other two crooks had really left the island.

"Let's go over to the house and investigate," he said. Dick was willing and they moved that way. When they reached the edge of the clearing they moved around it, but there was no light in the building, which stood before them like a dark blot in the night.

Bill ventured to the open doorway and listened. All was silent inside. He entered softly and struck a match. The back room was just as the rascals had left it. The broken lantern lay in the corner, and the fire in the portable furnace had died down to a few glowing pieces of charcoal.

The chairs lay on the floor where they had been overturned by the rascals in their haste to get away.

Bill picked up the lantern, lighted it and placed it on the table.

Then he went to the door and called Dick.

"We'll make ourselves as comfortable here as we can till morning," he said.

"It's a whole lot warmer than outside," said Dick, warming his hands at the furnace, which still gave out quite a bit of heat.

Bill picked up the chairs and also a small object he saw on the floor.

It was a locket bearing the initials "S. C."

"Here's a find," he said, showing it to Dick. "It is just the proof I need to convince the police that Cobb was really here with those rascals."

He opened it and found inside a small picture of Cobb taken within the last three months.

"This locket must have caught in the table somehow when Cobb jumped up with the others. It was torn off when he made a break for the door," said Bill.

The boys thought it prudent to barricade the door with the table, and then each taking two chairs sat upon one and put his feet on the other.

"I wouldn't mind this so much if I had had my supper," said Dick. "I'm as hungry as a famished gorilla."

"I could get away with a square meal myself. We'll have to defer eating until we get home."

"Home! A restaurant will see me before home does," said Dick.

They talked until they grew sleepy and then they dozed off in the chairs.

Both were sound asleep when daylight began to make objects visible outside.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH COBB GETS THE HOOK.

The sunshine was streaming in through the broken window when Bill awoke in the morning.

Dick was still snoozing away, but his companion put an end to his sleep by seizing his arm and shaking him into wakefulness.

"Change cars!" laughed Bill.

"Eh?" ejaculated Dick, looking around.

Bill pulled the table away from the door and opened it.

"Come out and sniff the morning breeze," he said.

They went down to the shore and looked out on the bay.

A couple of boys younger than themselves were fishing in a boat a short way off.

They shouted until they attracted the attention of the boys, and then made signs for them to row to the island.

The lads were in no hurry to comply, but they finally took in their lines and came over.

"What do you want?" asked one of them.

"We want to be taken off this island," replied Bill.

"Haven't you got a boat?"

"No. If we had we wouldn't need to ask the favor of you."

"How did you get on the island? Swim there?" grinned the youth.

"No. We came here on a small sailboat, but we lost it."

"Floated away, eh? You want to get to the shore?"

"Yes."

"What will you give us to take you off?"

"A dollar bill," said Bill.

"It's worth two dollars for us to leave our fishing," said the youth, thinking he might gouge that much out of the marooned ones.

"We'll give you two dollars, then, but that's the limit."

Two dollars was temptation enough for the lads, so they

rowed in to the beach, took Bill and Dick off, and carried them to the public landing.

Bill and his companion found the man who had rented them the boat in something of a stew because it had not been returned the afternoon before.

"Where's my boat?" he asked.

Bill explained how they had gone ashore on the island, and how the boat was stolen from them by a man who was on the island with others when they got there.

This wasn't pleasant news for the boatman.

"I suppose you don't know where he went with it?" he said.

"Not the slightest idea. It was too dark to get a line on his course."

"He must have left it somewhere along the shore if he didn't go over to Rockaway."

"He never went to Rockaway."

"How do you know he didn't?"

"Because he had reasons for getting ashore on the main land as soon as he could. In any case the wind and tide were against a trip to Rockaway at the time," said Bill.

The man went away to try and find his boat while Bill and Dick started for a restaurant near by.

They ordered a hearty breakfast, and ate every bit of it.

"I feel a whole lot better now," said Dick, when they walked up to the counter to pay.

"Same here. That meal went to the right spot, and filled up all the chinks. Now, then, we'll get a car and go home."

Both boys when they walked into their homes were called upon to explain where they had been since early the preceding afternoon, and they told their stories with certain reservations.

Taking Dick with him, Bill called at the Brooklyn police headquarters and had an interview with the chief of the detectives.

He handed over the diamond tiara, also the locket belonging to Simon Cobb, whom he incriminated, and described the faces and general build of the three crooks.

Dick told how one of the men pulled him out of the sailboat and made his escape that way.

And he said he saw his companion pick the locket off the floor of the room.

Bill said the hand bag with tools in it, and the portable furnace brought by the men to the island for the purpose of melting up the setting of the tiara, were left behind in the house by the rascals.

Giving their names and addresses the boys left the station house and returned to their homes.

As the diamond tiara case was in the hands of the Manhattan police, an officer was sent over to communicate the facts furnished by Bill, and to turn over the ornament and the locket, the latter to be used against Cobb, whose arrest was immediately ordered.

His address was found in the city directory and a detective went to his house.

The officer found he had gone to Sunday school to attend the Bible class.

He went to the church and had Cobb called to the vestibule, where he was arrested.

The margin clerk turned white and trembled violently.

"I haven't done anything wrong. Why should I be arrested?" he faltered.

"You will learn at headquarters what the charge is. Come along," and Cobb went, looking like a miserable wretch who had been ordered to immediate execution.

The morning papers printed the story of the arrest of Simon Cobb in connection with the stolen diamond tiara, and the recovery of the ornament through the agency of William Bunce, a young Wall Street speculator.

It described how Cobb had been put through the third degree, and had made a full confession of the crime, giving all the details and naming his accomplices, who were known to the police and whose arrest was expected at any moment.

All the facts of the case were given, and it must have caused a great shock to those who had rated Cobb as a model young man when they read it.

Broker Jessup and the pastor of the church were probably staggered the most by the revelation, and only for Cobb's confession they would hardly have believed in his guilt, and would have rushed to his rescue.

The young chap's admissions to the police, however, banished doubt, and so Cobb sat in his cell and waited in vain for his boss, or some of his friends, to visit him and offer him the consolation that his misery yearned for.

Bill looked for the story the first thing when he bought his

paper, for he knew it would be published in all its details, but he did not expect Cobb would own up his guilt.

He supposed that the lad would deny the whole business indignantly and fight the accusation out to the last ditch.

He forgot that Cobb was a moral coward as well as a physical one, and he did not dream of the methods the police brought to bear on him to force a confession.

So when he saw that Cobb had wilted under examination and admitted everything, he knew that the margin clerk's goose was cooked to a turn, and that Wall Street and the church had seen the last of him.

"Those kind of chaps nearly always get it in the neck in the long run. Cobb has met his finish sooner than I expected he would. He's worse than I had any idea he was. I know he was a hypocrite, and was using religion as a cloak to advance his interests, but I did not think he had the nerve to engage in such a criminal game as he has been caught at," mused Bill. "One never knows what to expect in this world, either in Wall Street or out of it."

Bill, as soon as he reached Wall Street, called at Jessup's office to see what effect Cobb's exposure had on the cashier and clerks.

It was then only a few minutes after nine and the office force had only just got to work, though to say the truth, precious little business was being attended to for the cashier, who had arrived but a few moments before, was surrounded by all the clerks and all were talking about Cobb.

Miss Watson was reading the story over again in another paper, and was not wasting much sympathy over the downfall of the guilty margin clerk.

Bill's appearance produced something of a sensation in the office, for according to the papers he was the person who recovered the stolen diamond tiara and brought about Cobb's exposure.

He was pulled into the counting-room by Jack Carter, and everybody wanted to learn any additional facts not in the newspapers.

"Who'd have thought you would be in on this affair," said Carter.

"How did it all come about, Bunce?" asked the cashier.

"It's all in the papers," said Bill.

"The papers do not tell how it happened you were over at Jamaica Bay on Saturday night," said Carter. "The account begins at the point where you and your friend ran ashore on the island in the dark. How is it you were on the bay so late?"

"Oh, Dick Sanderson and myself hired a boat at about two o'clock for a sail. We went to Rockaway Beach to see what was going on there and remained on the island a little longer than we intended. That, however, would have cut no ice had we not run on a shoal near the island in question, and were unable to get off until the tide rose, which did not happen till some time after it got dark. If it had been an ordinary night we would not have run round of the island afterward and landed, in which event Cobb would not now be in jail, a confessed criminal, and the diamond tiara would never have been recovered by its owner, but would have gone into the melting pot after the diamonds had been removed; but it wasn't an ordinary night. It was so dark that you could hardly see your hand before your face, and so when our boat got off the shoal I steered her on to the island, thinking I was running through the channel, and everything came about as you have seen in the papers," explained Bill.

"Looks like the hand of fate," said Carter.

"Something that way, for I had no more idea of seeing Cobb on that island, or anywhere else in that vicinity, or getting on the track of that diamond tiara, than I had of taking a trip to the moon."

"It was your luck to bring about his exposure."

Bill remained till half-past nine, during which time no work was done in the office, and then he left and went to the little bank.

He bought 500 shares Michigan Central that morning and sold the stock out two hours later on a rise of a point and a fraction, making \$700.

The price dropped later to the point where he bought it, and so he shook hands with himself over his good judgment in making a sale on a small advance.

The afternoon papers reported the arrest of two of the crooks concerned in the diamond tiara robbery, and the police expected to land the third in a short time.

The man still at large was the leader of the enterprise—the fellow who had run foul of Bill in the dark and in the scuffle that ensued lost the ornament.

We may as well say here that he was not caught.

He was a sharp rascal, and the moment he got ashore from the island, believing that it was a detective he had been up against, he hustled to his lodgings, packed his grip and started for the West on the first train he could get.

The game being up in his opinion, he wasn't taking any chances, for he knew he was known to the police, and if Cobb was caught and "peached" he would be run down if he remained anywhere within the limits of Greater New York.

About the middle of the week the two crooks in custody, with Cobb, were brought before the magistrate at the Tombs Court, and Bill was summoned to identify them and testify to what he had seen and heard in the house on the island.

Mrs. Risdon, the lady to whom the tiara belonged, and her husband, were also in court.

So also was the driver of the taxi-cab which figured in the case.

Cobb pleaded guilty.

He looked like a wreck and Bill felt sorry for him.

Mrs. Risdon likewise felt compassion on him and would have withdrawn the charge against him if she could have done so.

The two crooks favored the margin clerk with no pleasant looks, for they despised a squealer.

They pleaded not guilty, though they knew they had no chance of escaping the consequences of the crime.

Cobb was remanded for sentence, which, in view of his plea, and the fact that this was his first offence, would be made as light as the Court thought the circumstances called for.

As Cobb was led away the crooks, who had consulted, told the judge that they wished to waive examination.

The magistrate allowed them that privilege and sent them back to the Tombs.

That closed the proceedings connected with the diamond tiara robbery.

Mrs. Risdon went over to Bill, shook hands with him and thanked him for his valuable services in recovering the ornament.

She assured the boy that it was her intention to show her appreciation in a substantial way as soon as the case had been finally disposed of.

He took Bill over and introduced him to his wife, who also thanked him for saving her property from the melting pot.

"It is sad to see a boy in whom we all placed so much confidence, and believed to be the soul of honor, branded a thief," sighed Mrs. Risdon, regretfully.

"It is, ma'am, and I am the cause of his downfall," said Bill.

"You only did your duty. It is not your fault that he stands in the shadow of a felon's cell. By committing the crimes he worked his own ruin."

"That's true, ma'am. Although he and I never were friends when he worked in the same office still I don't feel like rejoicing in his overthrow. Don't you think that as the complainant in the case it would be the right thing for you to see the judge, who will pass sentence on him and try to have it made a light one?"

"I will do that willingly. Indeed I would prefer to see him released than sent to State prison. He might reform his ways if given a chance," she said.

Her husband agreed that an appeal should be made to the judge of the criminal court, who would pass the sentence on Cobb.

"You might call on the district attorney and put the matter before him. If he asked the judge to be easy on Cobb it would have some effect," said Bill.

"We will call on him at once," said Mr. Risdon.

They did, and after a talk with that official he said he would take the matter under consideration.

He sent one of his assistants to call on Cobb.

Cobb consented to testify against his companions in crime even without recompense.

He said he didn't care what became of him now for all his prospects were ruined.

Mr. Risdon in the meanwhile called on Broker Jessup, and they called on the minister of the church.

The result of their conference was a petition for clemency signed by the more prominent members of the congregation.

When Cobb was called up for sentence this petition was presented to the judge.

The district attorney, after explaining that the State would use Cobb as a witness against his accomplices at their trial, moved that after he had been sentenced that the sentence be suspended in consideration of the boy's willingness to

testify, his plea of guilty, and the fact that this was his first offence.

The judge sentenced Cobb to two years in Sing Sing, and then suspended sentence.

That meant he was released from custody, but would be required to report at certain intervals to the district attorney's office.

Thus Cobb escaped in the ignominy of prison stripes, and if he behaved himself for two years the shadow of his sentence would be removed for good.

CHAPTER XI.

BILL SECURES THE FIVE MILLION OPTION.

Some weeks passed and then came the announcement of the lucky bidders for the Panama Canal bonds.

Bill received an official notification from the Treasury Department that his five bids had been accepted and that he would be allotted the bonds if he deposited the premium on a specified date.

If he defaulted in the payment the bonds would be divided among the next highest bidders.

He found the important letter awaiting him at his home when he returned there at his usual hour one day, and his mother, who had noticed the Treasury Department imprint in the left-hand corner, and the usual notice on the other corner in the place of the stamp, was very curious to learn what was in it.

"Are you looking for a position in the Treasury Department?" she asked, with a smile.

"No, mother," replied Bill, opening the letter and reading its contents with a thrill of satisfaction, mingled with some excitement, for now he was surely up against the real thing.

He had secured an option on the whole five million, but unless he could sell that option at a profit within a limited time, or raise the five million, plus the premium, to pay for the bonds, on the date mentioned, his nervy scheme, to which he had devoted much time and thought, would go for nought, and his failure would furnish Wall Street and the newspapers with a good joke.

"What is it all about, William?" asked his mother, curiously.

"Read it," said Bill, handing her the letter.

Mrs. Bunce read the communication and her eyes bulged with puzzled wonder.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"Isn't it plain enough? The Secretary of the Treasury has accepted my bids for five million dollars worth of the forthcoming Panama Canal bonds," said Bill, in a tickled tone, reveling in his mother's astonishment.

"Yes, that's the way it reads. I suppose you have made these bids in the interest of Mr. Jessup?"

"You suppose wrong, mother. I made those bids in my own interest."

"Why, how could you buy \$5,000,000 worth of bonds?"

"I couldn't pay for that amount of bonds, or anything else, I'll admit, but that fact did not prevent me from bidding on them."

"You've got some purpose up your sleeve, then?"

"I have. This letter practically gives me an option on those \$5,000,000 bonds for a short time. Now that the bonds will shortly be issued they will be put on the market, in advance, like any other bonds, and people wanting them, who either did not bid, or were not successful in securing an option, will try to buy them before the price goes up. That will create a market for the bonds.

Those holding options will ask a fair advance on the price they have engaged to pay for the bonds when they are ready for delivery. If the demand for the bonds is lively the price will go up, and the higher it goes the more profit there will be in sight for those in a position to sell what they have the call on. Understand?"

Mrs. Bunce thought she understood.

"Then you expect to sell your option before you are required to make a payment on them. Is that it?"

"That's the idea precisely."

"How much do you expect to make?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea at this moment."

"Does Mr. Jessup know you have gone into this thing?"

"He does not. Mr. Jessup and myself are not on speaking terms."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm not working for Mr. Jessup at present," said Bill, making the admission at last.

"You're not!" cried his mother, in great surprise.

"No, mother, and I haven't been for some time."

"When did you leave him and why?"

Bill told her.

"And you never said a word about it to your father or me."

"I thought I had better keep the matter quiet."

"You must have got another position right away."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you have been going to work every day and coming home at your regular time, and on Saturday you handed me your board money as usual."

"I have been working for a person you think a good deal of."

"Who is that?"

"Myself."

"Yourself?"

"Yes, and I've made a whole lot more than if I had remained with Mr. Jessup."

"What have you been doing?"

"Speculating."

"In what?"

"Stocks. I have made nearly \$5,000 since I left Jessup's office."

"Five thousand dollars!"

"Four thousand four hundred, to be exact."

"You have made all that?" said his mother, doubtfully.

"I have."

"You never told us about it. What have you done with it?"

"I've got it stowed away in a Wall Street safe deposit vault box."

"I don't see how you made so much money in so short a time."

"That's because you don't understand the opportunities there are in Wall Street to make money quick."

"I have often heard you say that speculating in Wall Street stocks was a very uncertain and risky matter."

"I say so still. It is, but I've been lucky to win as a rule. At any rate I'm ahead of the game at this moment."

"I don't know what your father will say when he hears all this."

"I'm not worrying about what he will say. He can't find any fault with me that I know of. He might question my bond speculation. As soon as Wall Street hears about it the financiers are bound to sit up and take notice. It isn't everybody with big money at his back who would bid for one-tenth of a bond issue; but for a boy like me, without backing, to do it, is bound to attract a mighty lot of notice."

Bill walked up stairs to his room to consider the situation.

At that moment it looked exceedingly doubtful if he would be able to come out at the top of the heap.

Everything depended on whether the bonds would have a rising market in a few days, in which event he expected to be able to dispose of his option to some bank willing to pay the price that would give him a fair profit.

If he had the money to make the first payment then his chances would be practically sure; but as he didn't why the issue was in doubt.

It looked more doubtful now than when he put in his bids. Nevertheless he was full of hope and expectation.

There was high jinks at the supper table when the facts came out before his father and sisters.

The matter of his several relations with Broker Jessup, after having been commented on, faded into insignificance beside his bond venture.

His father whistled when Bill handed him the letter to read.

His sisters fairly gasped when Mr. Bunce read it out and stated its meaning.

"Why, you must be crazy, Will," said Nellie Bunce, the elder girl.

"Do I look it?" grinned Bill.

"In the name of goodness how do you expect to pay for those bonds?" he said.

"I don't expect to pay for them. I intend to sell my option, and let the buyer pay for them."

"Oh, that's your little game?" said his father. "Do you think you'll be able to find a purchaser for such a bunch of securities?"

"I hope so. Or maybe I'll be able to sell one million to different parties."

"What bid did you put in?"

"I submitted five bids at varying figures. Here they are on that paper. You see what the highest one is. I may make nothing on that, but I ought to do something with the last three at any rate."

Mr. Bunce was not a financier in any sense of the word,

so he could form no idea of the possible profit his son might possibly pull out of his scheme; but he imagined that five millions worth of bonds, on a small margin, ought to pay a handsome sum.

An average profit all around of one cent would amount to \$50,000, and he said so.

"I'll be satisfied if I make half of that," said Bill. "I don't count on making an average of a cent. The advance market would have to go over 105 to make that possible, and that seems too much to look for on two per cent. securities."

Mr. Bunce, being hazy on the subject, accepted his son's statement.

He knew Bill was an expert on bonds, and for that reason his son's scheme had not staggered him as much as it otherwise would have done.

He believed Bill knew what he was about.

At any rate he was willing to take a chance on it.

He regarded his only boy as a smart lad, and on the whole he was rather proud over Bill's nervy speculation.

He hoped he would succeed in pushing it through, and was rather optimistic over the result.

That evening Bill wrote a letter to old Mr. Trafton informing him that he had secured the option on the entire five million of bonds, and that he hoped to come out all right on his venture.

He asked the little old gentleman when he could call to talk the matter over with him.

The letter did not reach Mr. Trafton as soon as Bill expected it would, for the reason that the old gentleman was out of town on a visit.

His daughter did not suppose it was of vital importance as her father was no longer in business, so she placed it on his dressing-case to await his return.

Owing to Mr. Trafton's large acquaintance among financiers, and the great respect in which he was held, Bill had counted on his help as a considerable factor in helping him place the option in the event that the market was satisfactory, and so he was much disappointed when his letter remained unanswered.

Thrown entirely on his own resources, Bill kept on the alert to see how the bonds would go on the market, for he could do little towards working off his option till he could get figures to base a deal upon.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTERIOUS WILLIAM BUNCE.

All Wall Street learned right away the names of those who had secured the biggest provisional allotment of the Panama Canal bonds, and with the exception of one they were all recognized factors in the financial world.

The single exception was, of course, Bill Bunce.

Every financier in Wall Street began to wonder who William Bunce was.

He must be some unknown capitalist of the great West, for that was where all such individuals appeared to come from.

The wires were kept hot making inquiries all over the country of banks who might be expected to be honored by this Bunce as a depositor.

Nothing came of these inquiries because no bank carried William Bunce on its books.

Clearly William Bunce was a mystery, but there was no mystery about his having captured a tenth of the entire bond issue at figures which showed that Bunce was no slouch at the bond business.

Bankers and capitalists who had been nosed out of the contest by this Bunce were exceedingly anxious to get a line on his identity, but they were not more eager than Wall Street and other financial centers, always on the qui vive to get on terms of business intimacy with men possessing large "dough bags."

So a week passed away and William Bunce remained an elusive quantity.

He heard his name mentioned a hundred times on the street by brokers and financiers when they stopped to talk.

One morning he met Broker Smith.

"Hello, Bunce, how are you coming on?" said Smith.

"I've no kick coming."

"Still speculating?"

"Yes."

"Why haven't you called to see me? I expected to get some of your custom."

"I haven't put through much since I met you last."

"No? Got other irons in the fire, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"That reminds me a namesake of yours is an object of considerable interest in Wall Street just now."

"Yes?"

"Yes, William Bunce. He captured five million of the new Panama bonds that are to be issued as soon as they can be printed."

"I suppose you know that my first name is William?"

"No. Is it?"

"Yes, sir. Maybe I'm the party you are referring to."

"I haven't the least idea what you are worth, but it's a safe bet you are not worth \$1,000,000 let alone five or six."

"I am not giving out my financial status. If you traders knew that I was worth a lot of money you'd all sit up nights figuring how you could relieve me of a part of it."

"Oh, come now, you seem to have a hard opinion of us brokers."

"No, I have a very good opinion of you, but I think it is good policy to keep my business to myself, for I know every one of you chaps are watching for a good thing to come along so that you can pad up your bank accounts at my expense."

"Do you call that a good opinion?"

"It's the way you do business. I don't mean to say that you would actually rob a man, but if you could get hold of his money legally, why it would be regarded as perfectly fair in the game. You know what the newspapers sometimes say about Wall Street, and the Stock Exchange, and other pet institutions down here, so don't blame me for sizing up things in my own way."

"The newspapers libel us. When they haven't anything else to stir the public up with they take a crack at Wall Street. You don't want to believe any of those things. The impression that brokers are a lot of bloated spiders sitting in their offices waiting for lambs to come in to be sheared is getting out of date. That bit of alleged humor has grown whiskers on it."

On Monday of the following week Bill ventured to call on Broker Stockbridge.

"Hello, Bunce, glad to see you," said the broker, shaking hands with him. "Sit down."

"How is Mr. Trafton?"

"He's enjoying his usual good health. I got a letter from him this morning."

"Is he out of the city?"

"Yes, down on Long Island, visiting an old friend. He's been away a couple of weeks."

"Then he didn't get my letter."

"Did you write him?"

"Yes. I addressed it to his house."

"Maybe it's there awaiting his return. Is it important?"

"Yes, to me."

"I'll ask my wife about it when I get home, and if it's there I'll mail it to him."

"Thank you. I wanted his advice about the disposal of my option on the Panama Canal bonds. I secured the entire five million."

"What's that? You secured five million!" exclaimed the broker, who was ignorant of Bill's bidding on the bonds.

"Yes, sir. Didn't Mr. Trafton tell you I put in five bids covering that amount of the issue?"

"No, he said nothing to me about it. Are you the William Bunce that Wall Street is puzzling itself over?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Do you expect to sell your option?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have good nerve. How much has the venture cost you so far?"

"Two cents."

"Well, you won't lose much if you slip up on your scheme."

"I hope I won't slip up for I've put a good deal of my gray matter into those bids. It would be a shame after hitting the nail on the head to lose my anticipated profit."

They talked awhile longer and then Bill left.

That afternoon Wall Street learned the identity of William Bunce, and his purpose in bidding for the bonds, and a prolonged whistle went through the Street as the news circulated.

CHAPTER XIII.

BILL'S SYNDICATE.

The secret being out, of course, the newspapers got hold of it.

One of them got hold of Bill's address and sent a reporter to interview him.

"So you're the mysterious William Bunce?" said the reporter when Bill received him.

"I've made no mystery of my identity," replied the boy. "I'm more often called Bill than William. Whatever mystery has surrounded my connection in the bond matter has been created by others."

The reporter then questioned Bill about his bids, asking him how he came to put them in, how he had arrived at a successful set of figures, and what he proposed to do with his option.

Bill gave him perfectly frank answers, and furnished him enough copy for half a column without the heading.

Next morning it was all in the paper headed "The Mysterious William Bunce Revealed at Last."

Bill read it with interest, and so did a million or more other people.

On the financial page Bill read something of greater interest.

It was the market quotation of the Panama Canal bonds. The price offered for them on the previous day was 104.10.

At that figure he was behind one-quarter of a cent on 1,000,000 of the bonds, but ahead a small fraction on the other four million, being well to the good on his fifth, or lowest, bid.

During the week the bonds continued to advance and on Friday stood 104.40.

As time was getting short Bill got a move on and began visiting financiers who had bid on the bonds but had been cut out of the larger part of their application by his bids.

He met with a cool reception, and found no one who would pay more than the maximum amount of their own bid, which was below the market price, and would give Bill no profit.

It soon occurred to him that the financiers had combined against him.

Bill hadn't thought of this kind of waiting game being played against him.

He saw he was beaten unless he could get around the problem another way.

The only other way was to form a syndicate of persons willing to pay, say, 104.50 for the bonds, which would probably be the market price by the time the option expired.

Next morning he got a letter from Mr. Trafton.

He was coming home that afternoon and would see Bill on the following afternoon, which was Sunday.

Bill found three brokers on Saturday who were willing to go into his syndicate to the tune of \$50,000 each.

Sunday afternoon at three found him at Mr. Trafton's house, where he received a warm welcome from all hands, and particularly from the old gentleman.

"Well, Bunce, I received your letter, and I congratulate you on your success in securing your coveted option on the whole number of bonds you applied for. What have you done toward selling your option?"

"Very little. I had to wait till the bonds got a market price, and then I started out to interview the people most likely to take them off my hands. I soon found I was making little headway. I got no encouragement from the particular parties I counted on. They were not willing to relieve me of the option at any figure that would make it worth my while to sell. I have finally reached the conclusion that the financiers do not care to see me win anything by my foresight. They know I cannot make good myself, and that I am certain to lose the allotments without their help. I have no doubt they figure that as soon as I redefault in the first payment the bonds will fall to them pro rata, at least the bulk of them. So you see how the case stands, sir," said Bill.

"Then you think your venture is going to prove a failure?"

"My only chance is to form a syndicate to take over my option at the best price I can get that will permit of a profit. In accordance with that idea I have approached a number of brokers, with whom I am slightly acquainted, and have so far found three who are willing to go in at \$50,000 each."

"Well, Bunce, as I am under a great obligation to you for the service you rendered me, it would afford me great pleasure to assist you in this thing. Perhaps I can. I will give you a list of friends of mine who I think might take a hand in this syndicate of yours. I will give you a general letter of introduction which you can take around and show them. I will subscribe half a million towards the capital required by the syndicate to take up the bonds at a price to be agreed upon that will give you a handsome profit if the market warrants it. You can use my name and my written subscription offer freely. I think you ought to get the rest of the money promised in three or four days. Should any hitch occur I will personally make an effort to help you out," said Mr. Trafton.

"This is very kind of you, sir," said Bill, with a thrill of hope. "It is a favor I shall always remember."

Bill remained until some time after tea and when he left he carried away with him the magic documents that he believed would lead the way to success.

Next morning he started out to call on the first gentleman on his list, a well known operator, with offices in Exchange Place.

The gentleman was in and received him when the office boy told him that the visitor bore a letter from Mr. Trafton.

Bill opened up his syndicate proposition at once, showing the gentleman Mr. Trafton's letter and paper representing his subscription for half a million.

"I'll stand in with you on the same basis as Mr. Trafton. Put me down for half a million," the broker said.

"Will you kindly put your offer in writing so I can use it with Mr. Trafton's as a potent argument with the next man I call upon," said Bill.

"Let me see your list."

Bill showed it to him and he signed.

Thanking the gentleman for his co-operation, Bill started to call on the next one on the list.

We will not follow him on his rounds that day.

Some of the gentlemen he was unable to see, but he met with no refusals from those he interviewed and he raised a second million among four men.

Next day he continued his rounds and picked up another million.

On Wednesday he captured a million and a half.

With but one million more to round up he felt confident of success, and was proportionately elated.

His list running out, Mr. Trafton supplied him with additional names, and at two o'clock on Friday his syndicate, embracing thirty-one members, was complete.

Bill then called on the old gentleman and a meeting was at once arranged for the following day at one o'clock.

At that time the price of the Panama Canal bonds had advanced to 104.60.

Bill personally carried notices around to each of the members of his syndicate and they all promised to attend the meeting, which was to be held in Mr. Stockbridge's office.

Bill was on hand at half-past twelve, and soon afterward Mr. Trafton arrived.

The other gentleman began arriving soon afterward.

At a quarter past one Bill called the meeting to order, all being present.

He stated that the amount needed to purchase his options had been fully subscribed, and he hoped that the combine would not object to his price of 104.50, as the market price then stood 104.60.

If they agreed to take his options at his figure the syndicate would pay him the sum of \$62,000 odd, when he would transfer his five options over to the combine, and the chairman chosen to conduct their affairs would then call for the amount necessary to secure the allotments from the Treasury Department.

In the meantime he would notify the Secretary of the Treasury that he had made over the options to the syndicate, and would furnish him with the chairman's name and address.

The chairman could also notify the Treasury Department of the transfer, and the purpose of the syndicate to pay for the bonds on official notification.

The paper was passed around for inspection, and Bill's price discussed with relation to the future value of the bonds.

As it was the general opinion that the price of the bonds would continue to go up, and that the syndicate would be able to make a fair profit out of the transaction, which they understood had been put forward by Mr. Trafton for the express object of helping his young friend out of a financial predicament, it was unanimously voted to pay Bill the price he asked.

That closed the proceedings and the meeting broke up.

Three days afterward Bill received a certified check for his money, and was the happiest person that day in all Wall Street.

He had succeeded in putting his bond venture through in spite of the opposing financiers, and had cleared a fortune from a two-cent stamp.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOY WHO VANISHED; OR, THE TREASURE OF THE INCAS."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Jewelry establishments and other commercial concerns all over the country are erecting wireless masts over or close to their places of business to catch the officially correct time flashed at 10 o'clock every night from the navy's wireless station at Arlington, Va. Local jewellers who seized upon the idea have set the pace for other cities.

Two great icebergs, one hundred miles north of the transatlantic steamship lanes and moving southward, were discovered by the revenue cutter Seneca on April 13, according to a delayed wireless despatch to the revenue cutter service. One berg was in latitude 44:36 and longitude 49:09. The other was eleven miles west of that position.

Eddie Smith, of the East Side, New York, broke his arm in the fourth round of a ten-round bout with Jimmy Flynn, of Long Island, at the Atlantic Garden Athletic Club, recently, and was forced to quit. The club's physician examined the injured boxer's arm and declared that it would be at least two months before he would be able to box again. Until he met with the accident Smith had all the better of the going. In the semi-final "Young" O'Leary had a slight advantage over Eddie Sherman.

E. Perry Hiers, of Rosemary Township, brought to Barnwell, S. C., on April 15, an eagle he caught with a hook while fishing recently. While in a boat looking after set lines Hiers observed the bird overhead, and he was just taking a fish off the line when the eagle swooped at the morsel. The hook caught the bird by the wing, and before it could free itself Hiers killed it with a paddle. The eagle measured 5 feet 9 inches from tip to tip. Its talons were placed on exhibition in a newspaper office here.

The pledge taken by the Boy Scouts of France offers a suggestion to the Boy Scouts of this country. They take a pledge never to speak ill of their country before strangers, and under any circumstances, when they have occasion to speak of French public life, "to discuss discreetly what is bad, to be silent about what is middling, and to extol what is good in French public life." The disposition in this country to be consoracious and too often unjust criticisers of public officials, tends to lessen the respect for authority.

On request of Benno Neuberger, an importer, the Mauretania was stopped on Tuesday, April 15, that he might throw two wreaths into the Atlantic in commemoration of the anniversary of the Titanic disaster. Mr. Neuberger, who was a personal friend of Henry B. Harris, the theatrical manager, who was lost, cast one wreath upon the waters in his honor. The other wreath was for all the Titanic dead and was dropped in behalf of the Hebrew Infant Asylum, of which Mr. Neuberger is President. Practically all passengers on the Mauretania attended the brief ceremony.

In the final hour and a half left by the United States Court the other morning for the filing of Titanic claims 125 demands for damages were handed to Commissioner Alexander Gilchrist. The whole number of claims filed is 910. A total of almost \$14,000,000 is sought from the White Star Line for loss of life, health and property through the sinking of the steamship. All claims not filed by the hour set were declared invalid, though Judge Holt allowed two exceptions. Henry Escher, counsel for seven Swiss immigrants, was granted an extension of thirty days. A. Leonard Brougham was allowed one week to file fifty claims.

Captain Wills of the British steamer Longstar, arriving the other day from Certe, France, brought in what is said to be a message from the Titanic, which he picked up off the Grand Banks on his last transatlantic passage. Captain Wills said that the message, which was scratched with a nail on a piece of wood about a foot square, was signed by Colonel John Jacob Astor. What the nature of the message was the captain would not divulge. He said he had been in communication with Mrs. Astor and offered the relic to her, but that she had declined to receive it. Officers of the steamer believe the message is genuine, but shipping people placed very little credence in the theory that it came from the Titanic.

Six persons, including four employees of the Dillsburg Post Office, York, Penn., were poisoned by candy sent from Harrisburg the other night to the Postmaster, F. M. Altland. Mr. Altland and his daughter, Catharine, are confined to their beds. The others who partook of the candy and were made ill are Bailey Spohr and Robert Smith, carriers, and Helen Spohr and Maud Klugh, school children, who had received some of the candy from the postmaster's daughter. A box of homemade fudge was received by Postmaster Altland early this morning. He treated his daughter and the two carriers. His wife refused to eat any, becoming suspicious when she was told that the person who sent the candy was unknown. Detectives have been put to work on the case.

Captain J. Tutt of the Hamburg-American Line steamship Carl Schurz, which arrived from Colon, reported that at 11:33 A. M. on April 8 his vessel ran into a sleeping whale and killed it off the Colombian coast, between Santa Marta and Port Limon. Captain Tutt said the Schurz was moving at sixteen knots at hour when she struck with a shock that frightened many passengers. They thought the ship had run into another vessel or a sunken reef. The captain ordered the engines reversed and backed at full speed. In the bright moonlight the carcass of a forty-two foot whale was seen spitted on the bow of the ship. As the steamer backed the body sank into the water and disappeared. Then the Schurz went on. Captain Tutt said the whale was striped on head and back.

THE BOY DIVERS

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE SUNKEN SHIP

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIX (continued.)

And upon the sea, lashed to fury where the white-capped waves raised their lofty crests in wild contention that threatened doom to the voyager, whose craft might be cast among them, a small vessel—a schooner-built craft—from whose masthead had fluttered the ensign of the revenue service, farther north battled under bare poles with the storm.

The captain knew they were near dangerous shoals—the relics of the submerged reefs of the Bahamas. But the gale drove his vessel on; no human power could guide it in the face of that awful tempest.

White-faced and terrified, a young girl thrust her head above the manhole in the closed hatch of the companion-way.

"Captain!" she cried.

"What is it, miss?" he answered, as, lashed to the mast, he kept the deck over which ever and anon the wild waves swept.

"Is there any hope?" she asked.

"Heaven can only answer! There should be islands near—mostly they are uninhabited, and yet there may be human creatures on some of them. Oh, if we only had a signal light to guide us to a harbor! But all is darkness. The land that must be near is therefore a source of peril rather than deliverance. We may be driven upon the rocks. But the signal gun shall be fired. Heaven grant we may get an answer."

The detonation of a cannon—a small gun in the bow of the revenue vessel—boomed over the sea, sounding above the pandemonium of the storm.

Anon, as if the signal had been heard, a bright beacon light flashed ahead. With joy the captain gave his orders. The vessel ran for the light. But, oh, horror! The light was a wreckers' beacon set on the most dangerous rocks of the coast of the island of the seven pines. The revenue vessel was reaching a certain doom.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GIRL FROM THE WRECK.

"Well, Hawk, the men have well-nigh had only their trouble for naught. The false beacon they set last night lured the vessel to doom, and she went to pieces on the outer reef. But of plunder cast ashore there was little enough."

Under the light of a new day Onslow and the captain of the black schooner were walking along the coast of the

island where the false light had been kindled during the hours of darkness and storm.

In reply to Onslow, Hawk made a significant gesture of disgust.

"Yes," he said then, "and so far as we have been able to learn, not a single soul of those on the vessel gained the land alive."

"So much the better."

"Yes, since from the fragments of the lost vessel, which was cast up by the sea, we have learned her name."

"Which we know to be that of a revenue vessel."

"Certainly. And the very one our agent in Charleston warned us about."

"The one he stated had been commissioned to convey revenue detectives to the Florida coast?"

"Yes; to try to ferret out the mystery of the black schooner, and our smuggling enterprises."

"Hello!" cried Hawk. "Yonder comes several of our men, and they are carrying a human form between them."

Onslow gave a start, as he looked along the shore in the direction in which Hawk pointed.

"A woman!" uttered the smuggler chief.

"Then she is from the wreck—from the lost revenue vessel!"

"It must be so."

"And probably alive."

"Possibly, judging from the care with which the men are carrying her."

Onslow and Hawk moved forward.

They soon met the men with the human burden. Onslow looked down upon a beautiful girlish face. But it was as white as death.

One glance the smuggler bent upon the seemingly lifeless girl. Then a choking cry burst from his lips, and his eyes dilated to their widest extent.

"What is it? You know her?" exclaimed Hawk.

"Yes—yes! Why, man, this girl is Vadna Lynn, the heiress of the lost treasure ship!"

Hawk was surprised into an utterance indicative of his state of mind.

Heeding him not, Onslow demanded wildly of the men who bore the unconscious girl:

"Is she dead?"

"No, cap, not quite—I reckon we kin revive her. Ye see, we jist found her. The waves had cast her up on the sand around the p'int o' rocks yender," and the speaker pointed.

"Quick! No time must be lost! To the nearest cabin!"

This girl's life is valuable to me. If it is within human power to save her she must live!" cried Onslow.

He dashed away, bearing in his arms the slender form of Vadna Lynn, whom he had taken from the men who had picked her up on the inhospitable coast of the island.

Followed by Hawk and the men, Onslow gained a cabin. There he placed Vadna in the care of two middle-aged women, wives of two of the smugglers. He had confidence in the skill of the women. To them, with promises of rich reward if they were successful, he intrusted the task of bringing Vadna back from the mysterious state between life and death into which she had entered.

Success was the merited reward of the intelligent efforts at resuscitation made by the smuggler's wives. Vadna was restored.

It was a singular providence, but that one frail life, that in human judgment must have seemed the least likely to survive the peril of storm and wreck, was the only one saved.

Strong men, endowed with the vitality which made them giants in the strife for life amid the waves, had perished. Vadna was alone a waif from the sea—alone in the power of the villain she most feared and dreaded.

The day had advanced, and the sun had some time since passed the meridian, when Vadna, lying pale and weak and wan upon a couch in the smuggler's cabin, yet in the full possession of all her faculties, heard a heavy foot-step without.

Already the women of the cabin had told Vadna she was the only one saved from the wreck. But the young girl had no suspicion of the destiny, worse than death, which might soon menace her.

The smugglers' wives had stated that they were members of a little community of honest fishermen's families, dwelling on an island.

More than that Vadna had not elicited. She felt supreme gratitude, and had conveyed the understanding of that to the woman.

For some time she had slept, and she was now alone.

The heavy step Vadna heard without drew nearer. It paused at the door. She heard a hand on the latch; the beating of her heart quickened, yet she thought not that she had cause for fear. The door opened.

Vadna beheld Captain Britton Onslow.

The young girl uttered a faint scream. Her strength was not yet sufficient for the effort she made to arise. She fell back on the couch.

Her expression was one of absolute terror and of surprise.

Through an inner door came one of the women of the cabin. Before Onslow could speak Vadna stretched out her arms to the smuggler's wife.

"Oh, do not leave me! For the love of heaven, do not leave me alone with this man—this monster!"

Vadna supplicated, and terror lent strength to her voice.

"Go!" thundered Onslow, turning upon the woman, savagely.

She cast a glance that was by no means unkind upon Vadna as she beat a hasty retreat, for Onslow's will was law on the island, though the secret influences which we have seen at work to undermine his power were yet in existence.

Onslow closed the door through which he had entered, and for a brief interval he stood silently looking at Vadna with an expression of insolent triumph upon his countenance, which served to increase the young girl's apprehensions.

"A singular and most welcome meeting, Miss Vadna. Really, I consider myself a lucky mortal. You have been cast as a waif upon my kingdom in the sea. Here my will rules. I am a king. You are mine from this hour—mine, body and soul. You will never leave the island. Your treatment will depend on your conduct. I can be a kind, indulgent master, or a severe one. You may as well understand the situation at once, so I speak plainly. But I still am willing to make you my wife. I'll have an old Spanish priest I know brought here in the course of a month—after my return from a certain voyage—and then the ceremony will take place that shall unite us for life. You see, I might be worse than I am."

Vadna experienced the hope that she was respited—that the man who had become the arbiter of her destiny was sincere—that he would for a time leave her unmolested.

She formed the mental resolution to seek a grave in the sea before she would submit to the plan of her future so brutally indicated by the smuggler.

Vadna was meditating in a way which Onslow had no conception of while she remained silent when he had spoken.

The disappearance of the two boy divers and old Dan had created great wonder and apprehension in Seminole village for a time, and the fate of the trio was a mystery, until one day a Seminole Indian—one of the last of the race of the Everglades—came into the village with a startling report which threw light upon the strange vanishment of the divers. "Indian Tom," such was the name of the Seminole, said:

"Me see black schooner one night in Indian Lagoon. Me see old Dan and two young palefaces who go down under sea. Strange men had 'em. They were prisoners tied heap strong. They were put on black vessel. Then it put off to sea. Tom saw it no more."

The Indian had the reputation for truthfulness, which caused his hearers to credit all he said, and some questioning elicited the further information that Captain Onslow boarded the black schooner with the divers.

It was then ascertained that the old coast mansion which had been Onslow's habitation was closed and deserted. That same day the revenue vessel, which we have stated was driven to doom on the rocky coast of the smuggler's island, arrived at the harbor of Seminole Point.

The captain proved to be an old friend of Vadna's foster-father. The Indian's story was reported to him. He declared his intention of cruising after the black schooner to rescue the boy divers and old Dan, hoping to fall in with the government man-of-war, which he knew to be in the southern waters, and upon which he meant to call for assistance.

At Vadna's earnest solicitation she was allowed to sail on the revenue vessel, that proceeded without delay in quest of her boy lover.

(To be Continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

THE "NEWPORT'S" SUMMER CRUISE.

The summer cruise of the good ship Newport, known as the New York Nautical School, was assured recently, when the Board of Education appropriated the sum of \$21,070 for the expenses incidental to the voyage. It is the fortieth year of the school, which it is proposed to abolish. The city has been paying about \$50,000 a year to support the school, or a total of \$1,050,000 to graduate 769 boys, of whom only 134 have followed the sea. President Churchill said yesterday that it was too much money to pay for a "jaunt" and the Legislature could not abolish the school none too soon to suit him.

AN ADIRONDACK CLUBHOUSE BURNED.

The Adirondack League clubhouse, at Little Moose Lake, New York, was burned on April 15. The boathouse, containing about 150 canoes, was saved, as were the nearby camps. The property is that of the Adirondack League Club of New York City, which has about 1,000 members. The property loss is between \$50,000 and \$75,000. The origin of the fire is unknown. It started in the east wing of the building, which was unoccupied, and it was necessary to break in the doors to fight the flames. The blaze was discovered by the caretaker, Mrs. Peter Zimmer, who notified the Old Forge Fire Department. About sixty men went to the head of First Lake by motor boats and automobiles and then travelled five-eighths of a mile through the woods to the clubhouse. A bucket brigade was formed. While it prevented the destruction of nearby property, the clubhouse, icehouse, laundry and storehouse were burned.

AN AVIATOR KILLED.

Otto W. Brodie, a professional aviator, was killed at Chicago, April 19, by a fall of his machine from a height of forty-five feet at the aviation grounds on the West Side. Brodie was head of a school of aviation and was testing a new machine. He was guiding the machine over some trees when a branch snapped a guide wire, preventing control of aeroplane. The aviator was caught under the engine.

Brodie was one of the first Chicagoans to take up aviation professionally. He was 26 years old and had been a flier four years. His instruction work was so successful that he recently made plans for a factory for the manufacture of air craft. He professed to be the first aviator to deliver parcel post packages by the air route. He carried several such packages from Cicero, a suburb of Chicago, to Argo, Ill., soon after the parcel service was installed.

GLASS TELEGRAPH POLES.

Near Frankfort, in Germany, there is a manufacturing plant which turns out glass poles for telephone and telegraph wires. In order to give them solidity and strength there is a thick framework of woven wire in the glass. These poles are taking the place of the wooden ones in many sections of Germany.

It may be that in time all such telegraph and telephone poles throughout the world will be made of glass because there are so many advantages in them. In the first place they will last practically for all time, except in cases of unusual accident, where they may be broken, as in railroad wrecks. They will last even longer than iron or steel, as weather has practically no effect upon them, nor can insects get into them and destroy them. And in these days, when wood is becoming more and more valuable, it will be quite a saving of the precious wood to make such things of glass. Experiments are also under way for the manufacture of railroad ties of glass, in which wire netting is imbedded in the glass. Paving blocks are made of glass and have proved to be a most valuable material for street surfaces, being fitted together in such a manner as to be watertight, no water running down between the blocks. There are, in Lyons, France, a number of streets paved with glass, and they have a better resistance than stone, and also are not such great conductors of heat as stone. These glass paving blocks are now said to be actually cheaper than the granite blocks.

TREASURE OF THE INCAS TO BE EXPLORED.

W. C. Gates, an explorer of New York City, accompanied by three gold experts, sailed the other day on board the United Fruit Steamship Carrillo for Callao, Peru, whence they will make their way up into the Andes around the shores of Lake Titicaca in a quest for the buried treasure of the Incas.

The present expedition comes as a result of discoveries made by Mr. Gates on a recent prospecting trip in Peru, when he found a number of gold ornaments not far from Tiahuanaco, the old capital city of the Incas.

Struck by the remarkable designs of the ornaments and convinced of their antiquity, he took them to the authorities, who pronounced them genuine relics of the early art of the Aymara clan, the direct predecessors of the Incas.

As a result of this opinion, the four men sailed to complete the exploration. They expect to be gone more than a year, and upon their return a \$20,000,000 corporation will be floated to purchase land in Peru, after the necessary permits have been obtained from the Peruvian Government.

When asked for details of the expedition, Mr. Gates denied it was for the purpose of discovering the treasure of the Incas, and said he and his companions were bound merely upon a prospecting trip for iron ore.

The treasure of the Incas, which was hidden after the invasion of the country by the Spaniards under Francisco Pizarro, has been variously estimated at amounts ranging from \$10,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000.

That it is of tremendous value has been admitted by the most conservative experts, who have estimated the wealth of the old Incas civilization at the time of the Spanish invasion and the amount of wealth extracted from the country by the Spaniards.

NED, BESS AND MYSELF

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE KING'S LOST GOLD MINE

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXIV (continued.)

I called for all the servants, questioned them and finally picked out the butler as the man most likely to know something, from a certain look on his face.

I questioned him privately and he admitted that he had let his master out at three in the morning, and had then closed the door and locked it.

"Did he say anything about me?" I asked, the man being a stranger to me, having come to the house during my absence.

"No, sir, not by name he didn't, but he said that he must go and he guessed I could stay if I behaved myself, that the new master who was coming would stand no nonsense, but I didn't know he meant you, sir, because I had always heard that the young master was dead."

"And did you help him pack up? Did he take money as well as papers?"

"I don't know, sir. I only packed his clothes, things he would want especial."

I became convinced at last that the man had told all he knew and I dismissed him, saying:

"Very well, Robert. You may stay, but remember that on the least appearance of anything wrong, out you go."

Later I learned that my uncle had left by an early train for the East and that he had taken all the available money and securities that he could put his hands upon.

He had swindled others besides me and detectives were put on his track by others, for I did not care to bring him back, but he made his escape and from that day to now I have never seen nor heard from him.

Richards was captured later and so was the captain, and both were warned to leave the country and never return and I have never seen Brockton since, and whether he is alive or not or where he is I have not the faintest notion.

My uncle left the greater part of our property behind simply because he was unable to take it with him, and with the gold we had brought from the lost mines we three were rich beyond the dreams of avarice and had enough to last us all our lives.

Ned's claims were proven easily enough, but he always went by the name of Ned Downes, although he married Bess under his own name and became one of the family and has always been so.

We never returned to the islands, but many years afterward the world was astonished by the report that a sea captain had found on an island in the Pacific furnaces, powder mills and mining plants, and that these were thought to have belonged to a prehistoric race of which there was no record

Ned, Bess and myself were greatly amused, but we let the scientific world puzzle itself over the matter and did not attempt to enlighten the learned debaters upon the subject.

Years have passed since then and the matter would have been entirely forgotten had not one of my sons—his name is Ned—asked me one day for a true story, and with the aid of my companions in the strange happenings which we then witnessed, I have written out the story of the earlier lives of Ned, Bess and Myself.

THE END.

NEXT WEEK

A NEW SERIAL BEGINS

—READ—

Mark, the Money Maker

—OR—

HOW A SMART BOY GOT RICH

By ED. KING

THIS IS A GREAT STORY

Get the beginning

NEXT WEEK

It is possible to produce, with the aid of a magnet, shadow photographs resembling those made by action of the X-ray. Either an electromagnet or a permanent magnet will answer the purpose. Place a key, or other iron or steel object, on the sensitive film of an ordinary photographic plate, then bring the poles of the magnet near the other side of the plate and keep them there for five minutes or more. Upon developing the plate, a shadow picture of the key or other object, as sharp and well defined as any of the X-ray pictures, will be found. By this method only iron or steel or other paramagnetic substances may be photographed; but if the sensitive side of the plate is turned toward the magnetic poles, and a disk of iron nearly as large as the plate is placed on the other side, then shadow pictures of any non-magnetic objects, placed on the sensitive film facing the magnet, may be obtained. The operations are, of course, conducted in a dark room. With an electromagnet capable of lifting a weight of a hundred pounds one scientist has made such pictures through two inches of interposed wood. He has also obtained shadow pictures with a compound steel magnet weighing little more than a pound.

SAVED BY A BOTTLE OF CHLOROFORM.

I have a friend who lives in South Africa, with a Dutch settlement three or four miles south of him, and with heavy forests bounding his farm on the north. Three years ago, in my wanderings about the earth, I chanced to wander near him, and dropped out of my way to visit him and see what life in South Africa was like.

Maitland was overjoyed to see me, and between his welcome and the novelty I prolonged my stay much longer than I had intended. We took two native servants with us, and went up into the interior on a lion and elephant hunt, and met with moderate success. This was something like! It made my blood tingle when I heard the first lion roar. This would be something worth telling, I thought, when I reached my home. And afterward, when I had managed to shoot an elephant and the huge beast had fallen, I cut off his tusks triumphantly, feeling that I would need them to confirm my story when I should reach home.

But after the hunting was all over and we had gone back to the farm came an incident which left all the others in the shade. Maitland had gone down to the village on some business that needed his attention. I had intended spending the day lounging about the house, but, being in a mood to think kindly of my old friends, I happened to think of Prof. B., who is prouder of a new bird or butterfly than he would be of a gold mine. I determined to take a round through the woods near the farm, and see what tropic bird I could kill for the dear professor, or with what new butterfly I could enrich his collection. Over one shoulder I carried a shotgun, loaded only with the finest birdshot, and over the other shoulder was the light pole to the end of which was attached the butterfly net. I had left the house and gone half-way down the path before I remembered the chloroform with which I always killed the butterflies. I ran back then, found the little vial, and stuck it in my vest pocket, and so went strolling off, at peace with myself and the world.

I wandered about considerably that morning, enjoying myself very much, and not watching for game as closely as I might have done. Still, I succeeded in bagging two or three very pretty birds, and in getting a long way from home. I had just shot a bird and had dropped it into the game bag, while I made leisurely preparation to reload my gun, when a sudden violent rushing among the leaves of a stooping tree attracted my attention. Before I had time to raise my eyes, almost, down dropped a huge gorilla directly in front of me. The creature lighted upon its feet as a man might have done, and stood there chattering and beating upon its breast with its hands. It was evidently angry, but I believe it would have gone on and left me alone if I had possessed presence of mind enough to keep still and not molest it. But I was so startled at the unexpected apparition, that involuntarily I leveled my gun and fired full at its face. I had forgotten that the load was only mustard seed shot. Straight into the gorilla's face it went, and the roar that arose told how it stung. The next moment and he came, roaring till the hills rang, and beating his breast such blows as seemed almost hard enough to break his ribs. I had barely time to club my gun before he was on me. The gun never struck him at all. He caught it

as it fell, snapped the stock from the barrels like a reed in his hands, and made for me again. But fortunately I had not waited. I had rushed off through the trees, making such time as no mortal ever did before. But if I hoped to escape in any such way I had reckoned without consulting the gorilla. I heard his loud roar behind me, and glancing over my shoulder saw that he was coming with such a rush that I would be overtaken in an instant.

Just in time I dodged behind an enormous tree—for he almost touched me as he dashed past. He turned and came again, and I made some weak effort at dodging around and around the tree. But I was no match for the horrible animal that was pursuing me, and added to my clumsiness was the condition of nervous collapse into which I was falling. My knees began to give way under me, and I was about to fall at last, when the long, hairy arms were thrown around me, and I was hugged closer, closer, in a horrible embrace that was crushing the life out of me as though I had been a mouse. The pain was so unendurable that I felt myself swooning, and everything began to swim before me. I knew that I would be dead in a few minutes more. My left arm was bent backward in some way, and those crushing arms snapped and my very soul sickened. But in the effort to drive off the faintness that took possession of me, I pressed my right hand upon my breast, and in doing so touched the bottle of chloroform.

Quick as thought I had it in my hand and had pressed out the cork. Another second and I had filled the creature's face with the burning liquid; eyes, nose, mouth and the small bleeding wounds made by the tiny shot. His roar of agony was something horrible, and for one awful moment he tightened his clasp. The next moment he released me and went staggering blindly here and there, tearing at his face, beating his breast and uttering the most dreadful human-like cries.

I ran to the spot where he had dropped my gun, and picking up the barrels, I crept up to this horrible creature, half ghou, half man, and dealt it blow and blow, beating it down, and beating it after it lay there writhing and until it was quite still. When I was satisfied that it was dead I swooned away, and lay there I cannot tell how long. It must have been several hours before I regained consciousness. I finally arose and dragged myself back to the farmhouse, but on its threshold I swooned again. The doctor found that I had three ribs broken beside an injury to my arm. I went off into fever and delirium, and it was three weeks before Maitland knew what I had found on that little bird-hunting expedition in the woods back of his farm. It was evident that this gorilla had strayed out of his latitude, as it had been years since one of the creatures had been seen in that part of the country, and no doubt this fact had made him more vindictive. But however that may be, the experience is one that still makes me shudder when I think of it, and the smell of chloroform never fails to bring to mind the old, sickening sensation of crushing bones and rending flesh in the embrace of two enormous, shaggy arms.

Any person in a Japanese theater who chooses to pay a small extra fee is allowed to stand up during the performance, and those sitting behind him are quite helpless, unless they choose to follow his example.

FROM ALL POINTS

A record aeroplane flight from England to Germany was made on April 18 by Gustav Hamel, who flew with a passenger from Dover to Cologne, without a stop, covering the 245 miles in 258 minutes, passing over four frontiers and encountering five rainstorms on the journey.

Leland Stanford, Junior, University announced on April 8 that it would send a baseball team to Kelo University, Japan. The contract from the Japanese university agrees to pay \$3,500 to the Stanford managers for the trip. The American team will stay thirty days in Japan, and agrees to finance a return visit of the Kelo University team.

In the month of March 2,803,015 cubic yards of earth were excavated from the cutting of the Panama Canal, closely approximating the record of the same month last year. More shovels were put to work on the Culebra section, resulting in an increased output. There remain 22,500,000 cubic yards still to be excavated before the completion of the canal.

Contracts for the construction of two gigantic floating cranes for the Panama Canal were let on April 18 by the Isthmian Canal Commission to Neumeyer & Dimond, of New York, agents for the Deutschen Maschinenfabrik, a German concern, whose bid of \$837,500 was more than \$500,000 below that of the lowest American bidder. These cranes will each have a lifting capacity of 2,300 tons. An act of Congress authorizes the purchase abroad of equipment for the canal in case domestic bids are unreasonable.

Its historic treasure, the plant of the Old Cherokee Advocate, a paper which for half a hundred years was part of the national life of the Cherokee Indians, was recently sold by that nation. It was the only newspaper in the world printed in an Indian language in Indian characters. The once powerful agent, now a souvenir, was purchased at public auction by J. S. Holden, editor of the Fort Gibson Post, more as a matter of sentiment than anything else, \$151 being the sum paid for the outfit.

The marriage of Harry L. Rand, local manager for a film corporation in Denver, and Miss Helen Stanford of Salt Lake City is preserved in all its details through the agency of motion pictures. The families of the bride and bridegroom both live in Salt Lake and could not be present. The young couple were for a long time at a loss as to how to effect their happiness without the disappointment of knowing their parents were unable to witness the scene. A friend suggested the motion pictures, and solved the problem. The young lady came to Denver and was married here. From the time Mr. Rand kissed his fiancée as she alighted from the train until the happy pair left the church every detail was recorded by the picture men, the first pictures of the kind ever made in Denver. The ceremony was performed at the First Congregational Church by Dr. A. A. Tanner.

Former King Manuel of Portugal declares: "I foresee that I shall soon return to the throne of Portugal," in an interview published recently in the monarchist newspaper "Correio", which does not disclose his whereabouts. Manuel outlines a programme of social and economic reforms which he intends to introduce when he returns. He describes the condition of Portugal as deplorable, affirming that actual despotism has replaced parliamentary self-government and is controlling the courts of justice, while neglecting the country's agriculture, commerce and industry and augmenting the taxes to such an extent as to force 120,000 Portuguese to emigrate during 1912. The interview is one of many indications that the monarchist party in Portugal is relentless in its activity.

Robert M. Petty, banker and trolley magnate, former President of the Washington National Bank, of Washington, N. J., was convicted in the United States District Court in Newark the other night for the embezzlement of \$30,000 from his bank. He had been indicted on twenty-five distinct counts and the jury returned a verdict of guilty on every count. Petty, in getting the money from the bank, deposited bonds of the Northampton, Easton & Washington Traction Company, of which he was also President. Walter H. Bacon, assistant United States attorney, likened the defendant to a yeggman in robbing a bank, saying he didn't have to use dynamite because he happened to be the President of the bank. The testimony of Miss Lillian Frits, a bookkeeper in the bank, was potent in the conviction. Petty, who has been under \$10,000 bail, was taken to the Essex County jail to await sentence.

President Woodrow Wilson will be the first occupant of the White House to pound a typewriter. He has a record of forty or fifty words a minute on the keyboard. President Cleveland found dictation distasteful, and wrote in longhand whenever possible. President Roosevelt kept his force of stenographers busy. President Taft dictates. Mr. Wilson can give the typewriter a prestige that it hitherto has lacked. Sentiment has weighed against the typewriter. In the minds of the critics it takes the individuality out of writing and reduces it to a dead level of mechanical excellence. The President knows better. He admits that he writes with the first and third fingers of his right hand, his second finger standing outright. That habit is doubtless reflected in an occasional striking of a "p" for an "o," and "i" for a "k," and other similar peculiarities. Every user of the "writer"—at least every amateur user—has his earmarks. Perhaps he is in the habit of transposing letters, or letting his finger nail catch on the "q" when he is trying to strike "a," or not shoving his shift key firmly down, which results in staggering lines. In some way his individuality is bound to show itself. Now with the President of the United States resorting to a machine to get out his annual message, the typewriter is going to be distinguished as well as useful.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, MAY 16, 1913.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Some curious photographs, recently exhibited at the Academy of Sciences in Paris, show the effects of exploding moss into a block of polished steel. The effect upon the steel surface is similar to the lines of very fine engraving, the moss being embedded in the track it took and leaving the most intricate tracery.

George Mitchell, a full-blooded Shinnecock Indian, died at Hempstead, L. I., April 8, at the age of ninety. Mitchell left his tribe in Suffolk County when he was a young man and had lived near Hempstead since. Nearly all other Shinnecocks who have lived in Nassau County have died of tuberculosis. Mitchell died of old age.

A new American intercollegiate record for the 16-pound hammer throw was set at Berkeley, Cal., on April 19, in the twentieth annual track and field meet of the University of California and Stanford University. Karl Shattuck, of California, hurled the hammer 175 feet 10 inches, the previous record, made by Talbot, of Pennsylvania, being 173 feet 6 inches.

Macon County, Ala., is said to have a larger area of land held by negroes than any other county in the South. In 1910 negroes owned 61,689 acres in Macon. In Liberty County, Ga., the next largest in negro land holdings, the area was 55,048, while in Louisa County, Va., the third county in this respect, the colored population owned 53,268 acres. In Macon County there is no race problem—the negro population, through the industrial education of Tuskegee, has become self-reliant. The county has fifty-seven colored public schools.

The net earnings of corporations of the United States for the calendar year 1912 were \$3,000,000,000, an increase of \$250,000,000 over 1911. This amount will yield an income to the Federal Government under the corporation tax law of \$30,000,000, which is \$2,500,000, or 8 per cent. greater than a year ago. Royal E. Cabell, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has just received returns from practically all corporations, and to-day completed assessments to the full extent of the \$30,000,000, which must be paid to the Government by June 30.

The first Parliament of the world's youngest republic was inaugurated at Peking, April 8, amid general rejoicing throughout the country. The scene of the gathering of the joint inaugural session of the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives was a remarkable one. Five hundred Representatives out of a total of 596, and 177 Senators out of 274, all of them earnest-looking men of mature years and nearly all dressed in European fashion, with frock coats, silently awaited the appointed hour of opening. As the clock struck eleven several bands played the national anthem while the assemblage rose to its feet. The senior member of the House of Representatives then made a few congratulatory remarks to the notable gathering and formally declared both houses open. Scenes of enthusiastic jubilation followed before an adjournment was taken.

JOKES AND JESTS.

Willie—Papa, if I was twins, would you buy the other boy a banana, too? Papa—Certainly, my son. Willie—Well, papa, you surely ain't going to cheat me out of another banana just 'cause I'm all in one piece.

"What's the matter, little boy?" inquired the kindly old lady. "I jes' lost five cents," replied the little boy, who was crying bitterly. "Well, here's five cents more for you, so don't cry. How did you lose it?" "I lost it pitchin' pennies."

The Ignorant Husband—What! One hundred and twenty-five dollars for that gown? Why, there's nothing to it but three dollars' worth of goods and two dollars' worth of trimmings. The Intelligent Wife—And one hundred and twenty dollar's worth of style.

"Well, Bill," said the temporarily retired burglar to his pal, "there's one thing we oughter be thankful for here in the pen." "Wot's that?" said Bill. "We ain't bothered much dodgin' ortermobiles or worryin' over the high cost of living," said the T. R. B.

"Say, grandpop," began little George, "is it true that George Washington couldn't tell a lie?" "Yes, quite true." "And was he an awful good man?" "He sure was." "Then why did you let them name me George Washington Brown for? Ain't I to have any fun?"

"Please gimme a nickel, mister?" said the tramp. "I never give money to beggars on the street," replied the haughty pedestrian. "Oh, dat's all right," said the hard-luck victim. "Here's one uv me cards. Youse kin call at me office an' leave your contribution wid me book-keeper."

Robbie met a neighbor who was smoking some fine, fragrant tobacco sent by his son in America. He took out his own pipe ostentatiously. "Hae you a match, Sandy?" he queried. The match was forthcoming, but nothing more. "I do believe," said Robbie, "I has left me tobacco at home." "Then," said Sandy, after a silence, "ye might gie me back ma match."

WHO STOLE MR. WILLIAMS' MONEY.

By Col. Ralph Fenton.

One of the hardest things in detective life is for the officer to be obliged to report on family matters. No matter how long he has been in the business, or how fire-proof he has become, the detective who will make a report which he knows will break up a family and bring wretchedness to half a dozen persons, is a scarce article. That is, he will report to his chief verbally or by letter, and thus let the information get to those who hunger for it and yet dread to hear the truth. To face a husband when the horror of dishonor is upon him—to report to a wife that her husband long since ceased to love her, and that her only remedy is the scandal of a divorce suit, is a position no one in the service wants to fill a second time.

A fair share of the detective business of every city in the land hinges upon family matters, and the work done seldom appears in print, or if the newspaper reporters get hold of the circumstance, the particulars are kept away from them.

For a long term of years my assignments as a detective connected with the force of one of our large cities were entirely of this character, and some of the incidents can be related without injury to anyone's feelings.

I did not associate with the criminal detectives at all, and the majority of them did not know me by name.

One morning I was sent for by the chief to take up a new case, and when I entered his office I found a lady present.

She was a woman not over twenty-five years of age, wife of a merchant whom I will call Williams.

They had been married about a year and a half, and it was said that it was a love match.

She had come to headquarters in her own carriage in broad daylight to tell her story to the chief and seek the services of a detective.

I may tell you that I was prejudiced in her favor from the very first glance.

She was one of those women whose every word is of interest, and whose every gesture has a touch of artlessness in it. And she could shed big tears, and catch little sobs, and put such a look into her brown eyes as would make even an old detective almost want to die for her.

When her story had been simmered down it amounted to this: For some time past she had been missing jewelry and sums of money. A private detective had been employed, but had met with no success in discovering the thief. One robbery included a valuable diamond ring; another a pair of earrings; a third the sum of \$400 in gold; a fourth the sum of \$300 in greenbacks. About ten days previous to her visit a package of \$12,000 had been taken from her husband's secretary, and at the same time she had missed a diamond brooch from her dressing case. One of the regular detectives had been working on this last steal for over a week, and was still at it, although he had thus far been unable to secure a clew.

It was not only natural that Mrs. Williams should be interested in the recovery of the property, but that her great interest should lead her to call at headquarters to consult with the chief.

In fact, her husband was confined to his room by an attack of gout, and, for all we knew to the contrary, it was by his advice that she came.

It would appear sharper in me to say that I suspected something wrong from the very start, but honesty compels me to say that I didn't.

When she had departed the chief said to me:

"This looks like a very simple case, and I can't see why Taylor has not picked up some clew. The robberies have been perpetrated by some of the servants, and I'll give you a fortnight to trap the guilty party."

I was at liberty to consult Taylor.

The only servants who had access to the bedroom were the chambermaid and the butler.

This last personage had no right there, of course, but having the run of the house he could slip into the room.

Taylor had suspected him, rather than the chambermaid, and had devoted his whole time to watching the man. Nothing but disappointments had turned up.

The butler had the best of recommendations, was without vices of any sort, and a search of his effects had brought nothing to light which could implicate him.

It was agreed that I should look out for the chambermaid, and I put in a week on the case to find out that she also had the best of recommendations, and that the probabilities were all in her favor.

If it was true that either of the servants had committed the robberies, it was likewise true that they had covered their tracks so well that we had no hopes of making an arrest.

I worked on the case three weeks, and then abandoned it. Mrs. Williams seemed much more disappointed than her husband over my failure, and she shed tears of vexation when informed that I was to drop the case, or at least cease active work.

I meant to keep the butler and chambermaid under surveillance for a time longer, but I could not promise that anything would come of it.

The third day after this Fate played me a curious trick.

I had dropped into a family restaurant for a plate of oysters and not caring to have comers and goers study my face I went upstairs to be served in one of the little rooms or stalls.

I had devoured my oysters and drank my coffee when a lady and gentleman entered the next stall on the right, and it wasn't ten seconds before I recognized Mrs. Williams' voice.

The man's identity I also soon established by his tones.

He was a handsome, dissipated chap named Raynor, known in all the clubs as a great spendthrift, and reported to the police as a reckless gambler.

The pair were scarcely seated in the stall when the lady said:

"Will, I can do no more for you. I have robbed myself, stolen from my husband, and perjured myself to the officers to help you out of your troubles. You are no sooner out of one trouble than you bring another upon yourself."

"Softly, Sister Nell, softly!" chided the man. "I have always been kind to you. I have always been the best brother in the world. Give me a chance. I was horribly in debt. You have come to my aid in a grand way, and heaven will bless you for it."

"Hush! Heaven cannot bless me for stealing from my husband to pay your gambling debts. Do you know the value of that package I gave you the night you came and threatened to commit suicide?"

"About \$12,000, I believe, and it helped me out of three or four bad scrapes."

"And I thought it was only \$200! Oh, brother, I am afraid you are down to ruin."

"Pooh! pooh! Nell, I am no worse than hundreds of others who are sowing their wild oats. Make a raise of a couple of thousand for me this week and I'll go to Europe and remain away until I can steady down."

With that I walked in on the pair. A few words had made the case as plain as day.

While it was "all in the family," as the saying is, and while there was no probability that the dissolute brother would be punished, I did not rest until he had been taken into Williams' presence and made to confess all.

I left the house in company with the brother, and as we gained the walk he asked:

"Do you think the old man would shell out a couple of thousand for me?"

"You must be crazy," I replied.

"Then the game is up, and here's good-by to you!" he exclaimed; and before I could lift a hand he had pulled a pistol and sent a bullet into his head.

HUNTED BY WOLVES.

A man named Robinson has just returned from the forests of Northern Minnesota to Chicago. He had some great sport up there, he says, and one experience which was decidedly unpleasant.

Not far from Pine Lake, in Cass County, Robinson and his friends decided to camp. There had been snow on the ground for three weeks, so they journeyed northward from Wheelock, the nearest railroad point, in a big sleigh—"a pair o' bobs," the driver called it.

During the second afternoon the horses were making such slow time that Robinson decided to get out and walk. He carried his Remington with him and his revolver in his pocket, and finally, from thinking what might be in the woods near him, he decided to penetrate into the forest a little and kill something for supper. You know how eager a man gets when he hasn't hunted any for a long time and finally reaches the place where game ought to be found.

Pretty soon Robinson found deer tracks. They were fresh and he followed them eagerly for a while, and at last, just as he was about to abandon the chase and retrace his steps, he caught sight of them through the trees. With much caution he crept near enough to shoot, and brought down a heavily-antlered stag. That was surely worth an hour's walk through the snow.

It took him a good while to cut out a few pounds of steak for supper and then hung the deer up out of reach of the wolves. This work was so interesting that he scarcely heeded the flight of time. When he at last discovered that night was almost upon him he made haste to return. As he was not certain as to the right direction he decided to take the back track till the road was reached.

As was natural the distance back to the road was about twice as great as he thought it was, and he had just about reached the half-way point when he saw something like a shadow flitting silently among the trees ahead of him. Soon he saw the dim outlines of another—and another.

They were wolves. Like Robinson, they had been trailing the deer, and, like any other party of hunters, they decided to abandon the cold trail, and take up the chase after the bigger game, when they came in sight of it. So Robinson soon found that the wolves were following him.

They were quite timid at first, slinking along two or three hundred yards behind. He fired at them and they vanished into the woods. He pushed on, hoping they were gone, but pretty soon he saw them again—a little closer this time and decidedly more numerous. He fired once more. There was a howl of anguish, and then a chorus of howls prolonged.

Robinson began to run at the sound, but looking back over his shoulder, he saw the whole pack was rolling down the path after him like a resistless wave.

It was twilight, but he could see to shoot, so he turned about and emptied his Remington into the mass, hoping his companions would hear the firing and come to his rescue. He ran as fast as he could after that, and the snarling and fighting of the beasts began to grow dim—then broke out afresh in a mournful brass tremulo which made his hair stand on end and his breath come short and quick.

The savage blood was running fiercely now. They were coming—coming in ever increasing numbers. However fast he might run, they came faster and faster.

In a dreadfully short time the wolves were so close behind him that he climbed a tree. His gun hindered him somewhat, so he left it on the ground, and perching himself on the limb he sat there and watched the wolves as they gathered in from all quarters of the earth. He had plenty of cartridges, and he spent half an hour shooting at the wolves. It was so dark by this time that he did little execution, though once in a while there came a sharp yell which told of a shot gone home.

Robinson was safe from the wolves, but was growing cold—very cold and sleepy. The numbness spread from his feet to his legs and from his legs to his body, till he felt like a wooden man or a graven image.

He was curling up in the fork of the tree with the very suicidal intention of going to sleep when he heard three shots from the direction of the road. He managed to refill the cylinder of his revolver, though his hand was so cold he lost nearly all his cartridges. He fired twice in the air, and heard the answer—one shot.

He was just falling into a sweet slumber again—somehow he forgot that help was coming—when the signal aroused him the second time, much nearer now, and he managed to respond. Then the torches were gleaming through the trees, and the rescuing party was at hand.

The wolves made a bold stand, but six Remingtons, in the hands of six determined men, were too much, even for such a desperate horde of hunger-driven foes.

When the last live wolf was gone, Robinson was asleep again. Even the noise of the firing and the excitement of a fierce battle failed to keep him awake, and he tumbled down among his friends just as they surrounded the tree.

GOOD READING

Physicians in Spain have been conducting experiments to determine the relative value of wines as tonics. For centuries the juice of the grape, properly treated and converted into wines, was considered the greatest strength-giver to a weakened constitution, but recent tests have shown strawberry wine to be better. In some localities in Spain great quantities of strawberries are being grown for wine alone.

Fifty members of the Columbia Park Boys' Club of San Francisco who are working their way around the world under the personal direction of J. S. Peixotto, a cousin of the Equitable Life's Paris manager, arrived at Paris on April 19 and are visiting newspaper offices. They will remain two months, giving street concerts, dancing and acting in plays. Already they are popular along the boulevards. The next country they will visit will be Italy, after which they will go to Australia, China and Japan, expecting to arrive in San Francisco next March.

It is believed that the Eskimo lamp was invented before its possessors emigrated from their original home, which was probably farther south and near the sea coast. But the form of the lamp becomes more specialized the higher the latitude is. The lamps of southern Alaska have a wick edge of two inches, while those of Point Barrow and northern Greenland have wick edges of seventeen to thirty-six inches. The lamp is employed for melting snow and ice to obtain drinking water, for cooking, lighting, warming, drying skins and in the arts. It is also a social factor and the sign of the family unit, each head of the family having his lamp.

Although the centenary of the top hat is to be celebrated this year, it was invented probably in Florence about 1760, waiting rather more than half a century for its vogue. On its first appearance in London, dated by some authorities January 15, 1797, curiosity ran and crowded to such lengths that several women "fainted away" in the crush and one citizen paid for his unmannerliness with a broken arm, while the wearer met with the common fate of those who spring anything new on humanity, being ignominiously bound over by the Lord Mayor on a charge of breach of the peace. The silk hat reached its modern perfection in the thirties, the D'Orsay days.

Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, in a speech on Stephen Decatur and the gallant frigate Philadelphia, urged the House recently to appropriate to recover the Philadelphia's hull and relics now under water in the harbor of Tripoli. Mr. Moore said that if the recovery were attempted before the Italian Government proceeds with construction work, which obliterate the wreck forever, relics could be recovered at a cost not exceeding \$12,000 or \$15,000. Mr. Moore referred to the recovery of the Maine in Havana Harbor, and the transfer of the body of John Paul Jones to Annapolis as precedents.

It is only during a comparatively short time that the Japanese have known glass as Occidentals know it. When the first railroads were built, passengers in the coaches often put their heads through the glass, supposing the frames of the windows to be empty, and the railroad company at length pasted pictures on the glass to call attention to the fact that a solid substance was behind them. The masses of the Japanese to-day do not know the mirror as it is known in the west. The richer people have one mirror, indeed, but usually the glass used in the mirrors sold to the populace is not quicksilvered, being merely well polished. As for cut glass, it is practically unknown in the island, and glass drinking-cups are rare.

Announcement is expected from officers of the International Harvester Company that its twine plant at Auburn, N. Y., will be dismantled and the machinery removed to Germany. Intimation of this action came to-night after a committee representing the striking twine mill employes had refused to comply with an ultimatum that the strikers return to work immediately or the mills would be removed. It became known that all men employed in the mills and most of the office force had been discharged and preparations made for removal of the machinery. State mediators report progress at the mills of the Columbian Rope Company. A tentative settlement has been reached on recognition of the union, reinstatement of the union officers, abolition of piece work and increases from 10 to 15 per cent. in wages. A joint committee will meet to try to adjust all other demands.

The controversy between "Ty" Cobb and the Detroit American League baseball club management over the signing of Cobb's contract for this season may result in an investigation by Congress to ascertain whether the system of players' contracts of the baseball league violates the Sherman anti-trust law or the law against peonage. Representative Hardwick of Georgia, representing in Congress the district in which Cobb lives, stated he was working on a resolution for such an investigation and would introduce it in the House shortly. Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia, who declares "Ty" Cobb is one of the South's most prominent citizens, telegraphed to Cobb in Georgia asking him to forward to Washington a copy of his contract and information regarding the conditions under which the players sign. The Senator said he wished to form an opinion as to the validity of the contract and to ascertain whether it was true that players are forced to accept the salaries and terms or be forever barred from playing. "What I understand exists cannot exist legally," said Smith. Representative Gallagher of Illinois in March last year introduced a resolution which called for an investigation of the "baseball trust" by a special committee. It was referred to the rules committee, but no further action taken. It is understood Representative Gallagher intends to introduce a similar resolution at the present session.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

A VALUABLE PHILATELIC LIBRARY.

The Philatelic Library of the late Lord Crawford the most comprehensive collection of books and pamphlets on postage-stamp collecting that has ever been brought together, or is ever likely to be, has become, by his bequest, the property of the British nation, and will doubtless be placed in the British Museum. Mr. Bacon's catalogue of it, recently published, is a large quarto volume of over 450 double-column pages, and its compilation extended over several years.

CARRIED A BULLET FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Major George Cooper, who fought through the Civil War on the Confederate side, left his home at No. 241 Nineteenth Street, West New York, recently, and went to North Hudson Hospital, where he complained of an abscess in the calf of his right leg. Doctors opened the abscess and out dropped a bullet. "Well, old fellow, I have been carrying you with me for fifty years, since I was shot down at the battle of Pea Ridge," the astonished major said. Major Cooper was born in Virginia seventy-six years ago. After the Civil War he joined the armies of Germany, Russia and France. He is unmarried. "I'm just a soldier of fortune," he remarked, as he left the hospital.

THE PYRAMIDS BUILT FOR ASTROLOGERS.

"The famous pyramids of Egypt were undoubtedly built as platforms for the renowned astrologers of the East, who came to Egypt to foretell the fortunes of King Cheops and his family," said Doctor Percival Lowell, director of the Lowell Observatory, at Flagstaff, Ariz., recently. "The great pyramid, particularly, must have been designed for a superb astronomical observatory. From it the astrologers studied the stars and the constellations, and foretold the events of the King's life. The other pyramids were built for his brothers, sons, and grandsons. From studies that scientists have made of the pyramids, we are able to say safely that the men who built them had a wonderful knowledge of astronomy. There is hardly any doubt that all the pyramids were built at the same time. The grading of the sizes, corresponding with the importance of the various members of the king's family, and the fact that none of the family robbed the pyramid of his relative, shows that this is true."

HOW PEOPLE SLEEP.

The American or the European in order to get a good night's rest ordinarily requires a soft pillow under his bed, but the Japanese stretches himself on a rush mat on the floor, puts a hard, square block of wood under his head, and does not sleep well if he does not have it. In China they make a great deal with reference to their beds. These are very low, scarcely rising from the floor, but are often carved exquisitely of wood. Like the Japanese the Chinese never makes his bed any softer than is possible by the use of rush mats. It is a curious fact with reference to the

sleeping habits of the various peoples that while those in northern countries do not appear to be able to sleep well unless they have lots of room in which to stretch their legs, the inhabitants of the tropics often curl themselves up like monkeys at the lower angle of a suspended hammock and sleep very soundly that way. The robust American will cover himself with a pair of blankets and throw his window open to the air even in the dead of winter, and sometimes he will not complain if there is a bit of snow on the window sill in the morning. But the Russian, on the contrary, likes no sleeping place so well as the top of the big soapstone stove in his dwelling. Crawling out of this blistering bed in the morning, he delights in taking a plunge in a cold stream, even if he has to break through the ice to do so. In Lapland the native crawls, head and all, into a bag made of reindeer skin and sleeps warm and comfortable within it. The East Indian, at the other end of the world, also has a sleeping bag, but it is more porous than the Laplander's. Its purpose is to keep out the mosquitoes rather than to keep its occupants warm. The American clings to his feather pillow, but he has long since discarded the old feather bed in favor of the hair or straw or felt mattress.

ELECTRICITY IN MODERN WARFARE.

The electric telegraph wires over the land, and the cables under the seas, and the wireless through the air, in times of war become of untold value in the quick transmission of despatches to and from the forces in the field. Distance is annihilated, important movements are executed with less delay, and war is itself shortened. In addition to these applications, electricity is now put to many other important uses in the conduct of war. Moreover, new applications are constantly being found for its varied capabilities. A modern mine field for coast or harbor defense is an electric adaptation akin to electric blasting, in which suitable fuses are arranged to be fired by a battery-current sent at will from some control station by the simple closing of the circuit. Heavy charges of high explosives, called mines, are so distributed and connected by cables to control stations that it is difficult to imagine a hostile ship or fleet traversing a well-organized mine field without destruction or most serious damage. Another terrible engine of destruction for use in the defense of harbors is the electrically controlled dirigible torpedo. Moving and steering itself in response to electric currents sent through a small wire or cable, it carries a charge of explosive sufficient to destroy in an instant the most formidable warship. Its high speed and its almost complete submergence save it from damage by the guns of the enemy, even if its approach is discovered. The dirigible torpedo may be regarded as an explosive mine, moved, directed, and fired by the agency of electricity. The effectiveness of some of the more recently developed electrical devices has not yet been tested in actual warfare, but it is safe to say that their use will hasten the day when war will prove to be so destructive and so terrible as to be avoided, if possible, by all civilized nations.

THE SURPRISE FOUNTAIN PEN

A novelty of the greatest merit! It looks just like a genuine fountain pen. But it isn't. That's where the joke comes in. If you take off the cover, a nice, ripe, juicy lemon appears. Then you give the friend you lend it to the merry "ha-ha." You might call it an everlasting joke because you can use it over and over again. Price, by mail, postpaid, 10c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

IMITATION CUT FINGER.

A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE LITTLE GEM TELEPHONE.

The transmitter in this telephone is made from the best imported parchment; with ordinary use will last a long time; can be made in any length by adding cord; the only real telephone for the money; each one put up in a neat box; fully illustrated, with full directions how to use them. Price, 12c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE TOM-TOM DRUM.

Hold the drum in one hand and with the thumb of the other resting against the side of the drum manipulate the drumstick with the fingers of the same hand (as indicated in the cut). With practice it is possible to attain as great skill as with a real drum. The movable sounding board can be adjusted for either heavy or light playing. They are used extensively in schools for marching.

Price, 10c. each, delivered free.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

RARE POSTAGE STAMPS.

Our packages are the best, as each contains at least 2 rare ones, worth the price of the whole lot. Start a collection. In time it will grow very valuable. Every known variety of foreign and domestic stamps in these packages. Fifty varieties for 5 cents; one hundred, 10 cents; two hundred, 20 cents; three hundred, 35 cents; five hundred, \$1.25; one thousand, \$3.25; two thousand, \$18.00; 1,000 mixed lot, 25 cents. All in good condition and worth twice the amount we ask.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK

With this trick you tarry a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

RAPID CIGARETTE MAKER.

This little article should be in the pocket of every smoker. With it a perfect cigarette can be made in ten seconds. You will find them equal in appearance, and far superior in quality to commercial ones, at less than a quarter of the cost. With our cigarette maker in your possession, you can smoke a pipe or cigarette at pleasure, as it's just as easy to roll a cigarette as to fill a pipe. Every part of the cigarette maker is handsomely nickel-plated. Price, 15c., or 3 for 40c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



Solid-breech Hammerless .22 REPEATER

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS SIDE-EJECTING

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy--And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every Remington-UMC .22 repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

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BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS.

40 Popular Songs with words and music, 20 Stories of Adventure, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 20 new Games for young folks, 25 Pictures of the Presidents, 50 Ways to Make Money, 1 great Joke Book, 1 Book on Love and Courtship, 1 Book on Magic, 1 Book on Letter Writing, 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller, 1 Cook Book, 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for all popular games, 100 Conundrums, 50 Verses for Autographs Albums. Cut this out and return to us with ten cents and we will send all the above by mail at once.

J. E. KING CO., ANDOVER, OHIO



3-OLD COINS WANTED—3

\$7.75 Paid for RARE date 1853 Quarters and 3¢ without arrows. CASH premiums paid on hundreds of old coins. Keep all money dated before 1896 and send TEN cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. Get Posted and make money easy. C. F. CLARK & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 21, Le Roy, N. Y.

THE MAGIC WALLET

Lots of fun can be had with it, puzzling people, while being used in a practical way to carry bank bills, letters, invoices, etc. Open with the straight bands on the left, lay a bill on top of bands, close wallet; open to the left, and the bill will be found under the crossed bands. Close wallet, open to the right, and the bill will be found under straight bands. How did it get there? That's the question. Price, 12 cents each, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

JAPANESE TWIRLER.



A wonderful imported paper novelty. By a simple manipulation of the wooden handles a number of beautiful figures can be produced. It takes on several combinations of magnificent colors. Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

PIN MOUSE.



It is made of cast metal and has the exact color, shape and size of a live mouse. Pinned on your or somebody else's clothes, will have a startling effect upon the spectators. The screaming fun had by this little novelty, especially in the presence of ladies, is more than can be imagined. If a cat happens to be there, there's no other fun to be compared with it.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

PICK-ME-OUT PUZZLE.



The head is finished in black japan, and in the mouth is a highly polished steel ball. The puzzle is to pick out the ball. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE



BOYS! Here is your chance to get a fine baseball outfit, consisting of complete suit, including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, extra well sewed, or combination of big catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, catcher's mask (extra strong and durable) and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector. Will Not Cost One Cent. Send your name and we will send you 8 set of our fine pictures to dispose of at 25 cents each. Send us the \$2 you collect and for your trouble will send you outfit as described. **WRITE TODAY** for pictures. No harm done. I take back what you can't sell. M. O. Seitz, 1M91 Chicago

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BASEBALL CURVER Worn on the hand, gives own causing a wide curve. So small it is not noticed and they all wonder where those AWFUL curves come from. Send for a Curver today if you want to be a CRACK PITCHER and fan out the batters. Full instructions for throwing all curves. This curver is offered to introduce Everyday Life into new homes. Send 25 cts. to pay for a year's subscription and we will send you our paper one year and make you a free present of our Wonderful Curver. W. M. Co. 337 W. Madison St. CHICAGO

ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterling, 837 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

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Any letter hand engraved, and a catalog of Badge Pins, Jewelry, Tricks, Jokes and Puzzles. Send **TWO** cents to pay for postage and handling. BEVERLY NOVELTY CO., 208J Beverly Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat. Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Ont. K Frenchtown, N.J.

FOUR WEEKS (A LOUD BOOK).



Has the absolute and exact shape of a book in cloth. Upon the opening of the book, after having it set up according to directions furnished, a loud report similar to that of a pistol-shot will be heard, much to the amazement and surprise of the victim. Caps not mailable; can be bought at any toy store. Price, 65c. by mail, postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



VANISHING AND RE-APPEARING EGG.—Very fine, easy to perform and it produces a marvelous and mystifying effect. Egg is made to appear and vanish right before the eyes. Beautifully made. Price, 25c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

LITTLE RIP'S TEN-PINS.



In each set there are ten pins and two bowling balls, packed in a beautifully ornamented box. With one of these miniature sets you can play ten-pins on your dining-room table just as well as the game can be played in a regular alley. Every game known to professional bowlers can be worked with these pins. Price, 10c. per box by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



The Bottle Imp.—The peculiarity of this little bottle is that it cannot be made to lie down, and yet by simply passing the hand over it, the performer causes it to do so. This trick affords great amusement, and is of convenient size to carry about.

Price, 10c. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

SURPRISE PERFUME BOTTLE.



Those in the joke may freely smell the perfume in the bottle, but the uninitiated, on removing the cork will receive the contents in his hands. This is a simple and clever joke. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SWIMMING FISH



Here is a fine mechanical toy. It is an imitation gold-fish, about 4½ inches long, and contains a water-tight compartment which will not allow it to sink. To keep it in a natural position, the lower fin is ballasted with lead. To make it work, a spring is wound up. You then throw it in the water, and the machinery inside causes the tail to wiggle, and propel it in the most lifelike manner. When it runs down the fish floats until it is recovered, and it can then be rewound. Races between two of these fishes are very interesting. Price, 25 cents each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE SPOTTER, OR THE EDUCATED DIE.



The performer exhibits a die. The Ace of Spades and five cards are now taken from a pack. The Ace of Spades is thoroughly shuffled with the other cards, which are then placed face down in a row on the table. The die is now thrown, and as if embodied with superhuman intelligence, the exact position of the Ace is indicated. Without touching the die, the performer picks up the cards, gives them a complete shuffle and again spreads them out. The die is rolled as before by any person, and is seen to come to a stop with the locating number uppermost. The card is turned over and found to correspond in position. Price, 15c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 16 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



SPIRIT SLATE-WRITING.—No trick has ever puzzled the scientists more and created a greater sensation than the famous spirit-writings which appear between sealed slates which have freely been shown cleaned, carefully tied together and given to a spectator to hold. These spirits answer questions. Sold by us complete, slates and secret. No chemical used. Price, 75c.

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THE FLUTTER-BY.



This mechanical flying machine is worked by a new principle. It looks like a beautiful butterfly, about 9 inches wide. In action its wing movements are exactly like those of a live butterfly. It will travel through the air about 25 feet, in the most natural manner. As flying toys are all the rage, this one should be a source of profit and amusement to both old and young. Price, 18c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



MAGIC CARD BOX.—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



THE PRINCESS OF YOGI CARD TRICK.

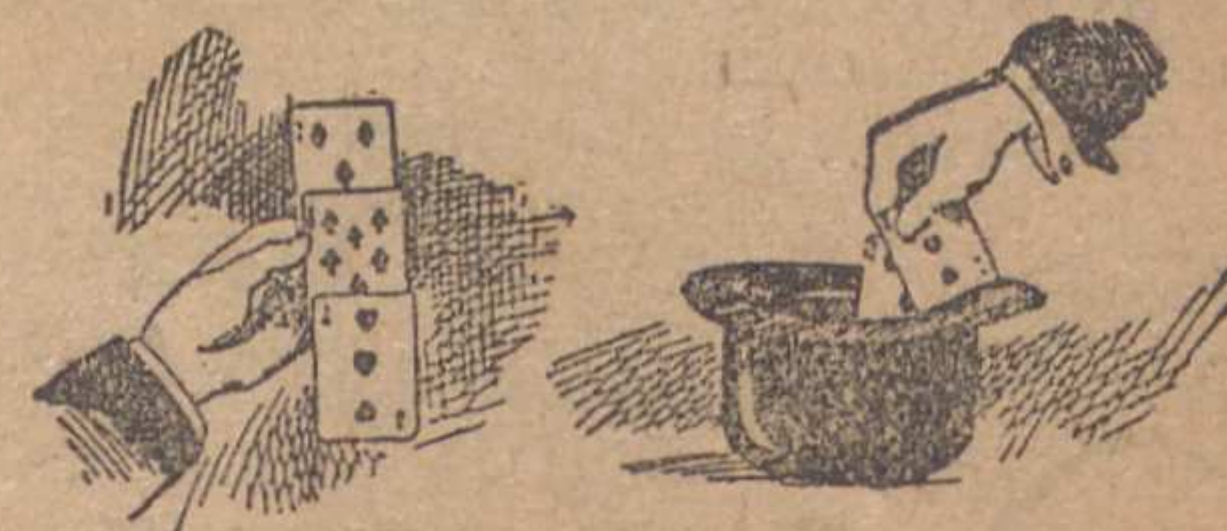
Four cards are held in the form of a fan and a spectator is requested to mentally select one of the four. The cards are now shuffled and one is openly taken away and placed in his pocket. The performer remarks that he has taken the card mentally selected by the spectator. The three cards are now displayed and the selected card is found to be missing. Reaching in his pocket the performer removes and exhibits the chosen card. Price, 15c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

JUMPING CARD.—A pretty little trick, easy to perform. Effect: A selected card returned to the deck jumps high into the air at the performer's command. Pack is held in one hand. Price of apparatus, with enough cards to perform the trick, 10c.



M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



THE DEVIL'S CARD TRICK.—From three cards held in the hand anyone is asked to mentally select one. All three cards are placed in a hat and the performer removes first the two that the audience did not select and passing the hat to them their card has mysteriously vanished. A great climax; highly recommended. Price, 10c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



APPEARING BILLIARD BALL.—A solid billiard ball, beautifully made, can be made to appear in the bare hands with the sleeves rolled back to elbows. Very fine and easy to do. Price, 35c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



RISEING PENCIL.—The performer exhibits an ordinary pencil and shows it top and bottom. The pencil is laid on the palm, the performer calling attention to his hypnotic power over innate objects. The pencil is seen slowly to rise, following the movements of the other hand. The witnesses are asked to pass their hand around it to assure themselves no thread or hair is used. Price, 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



"KNOCK-OUT" CARD TRICK.—Five cards are shown, front and back, and there are no two cards alike. You place some of them in a handkerchief and ask any person to hold them by the corners in full view of the audience. You now take the remaining cards and request anyone to name any card shown. This done, you repeat the name of the card and state that you will cause it to invisibly leave your hand and pass into the handkerchief, where it will be found among the other cards. At the word "Go!" you show that the chosen card has vanished, leaving absolutely only two cards. The handkerchief is unfolded by any person, and in it is found the identical card. Price, 10c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



THE MULTIPLYING CORKS.—A small round box is shown to be empty and one of the spectators is allowed to place three corks in it. The cover is put on and the box is handed to one of the spectators, who, upon removing the cover, finds six corks in the box. Three of the corks are now made to vanish as mysteriously as they came. Very deceptive. Price, 15c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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- 871 Ralph, the Reporter, or The Mystery of Assignment No. 10.
- 872 A Lucky Risk; or, The Nerve of a Wall Street Office Boy.
- 873 The Race for Gold; or, After an Aztec Treasure.

- 374 Tipped to Win; or, The Wall Street Messenger Who Made a Fortune.
- 375 The Boy Salesman; or, Out on the Road for Success.
- 376 A Young Money Broker; or, Striking Luck in Wall Street.
- 377 The Way to Fame; or, The Success of a Young Dramatist.
- 378 In the Money Game; or, The Luck of Two Wall Street Chums.
- 379 A Golden Treasure; or, The Mystery of An Old Trunk.
- 380 Hal's Business Venture; or, Making a Success of Himself.
- 381 Among the Man-Eaters; or, The Secret of the Golden Ledge.
- 382 The Little Wall Street Speculator; or, The Boy Who Became a Stock Broker.
- 383 Old Hazard's Errand Boy; or, The Nerve That Won the Money.
- 384 Check 765; or, The Strangest Tip in Wall Street.
- 385 A Short Cut to Fortune; and The Smart Boy Who Found It.
- 386 Broker Brown's Boy; or, A Tough Lad from Missouri. (A Wall Street story.)
- 387 The Odds Against Him; or, A Boy With Grit.
- 388 A Boy With Brains; or, A Fortune From a Dime. (A story of Wall Street.)
- 389 His Own Business; or, From Errand Boy to Boss.
- 390 The Banker's Plot; or, The Mysterious Boy From Cripple Creek.
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